

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

Editorial and Executive Office: 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois

An Independent Christian Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Modernism, Worldliness and Formalism.

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The Gift

BY FATHER CHARLES CHINIQUY

An amazing true story of how a famous Catholic priest found salvation in Christ, not in Mary, nor in the church.

FOREWORD

Father Chiniquy was a famous Catholic priest of Canada, born at Kamouraska, Quebec, on July 20, 1809. He established the first temperance society there and won the title, "Apostle of Temperance of Canada."

Because of his ability and piety, he was entrusted with a colonizing party of French-Canadians, who settled in Illinois.

Late in life he was a friend of Abraham Lincoln.

He toured England several times and this particular narrative of his life was first given in London. He lived to his ninetieth year, dying in Montreal, on January 16, 1899.

THE GIFT OF SALVATION

I was born and baptized a Roman Catholic in 1809, and I was ordained priest in the year 1833, in Canada. I am now in my seventy-fourth year, and it is nearly fifty years since I received the dignity of the priesthood in the Church of Rome.

For twenty-five years I was a priest of that Church, and I tell you frankly that I loved the Church of Rome, and she loved me. I would have shed every drop of my blood for my Church and would have given a thousand times my life to extend her power and dignity over the continent of America, and over the whole world. My great ambition was to convert the Protestants, and bring them into my Church, because I was told, and I preached, that outside the Church of Rome there was no salvation, and I was sorry to think that those multitudes of Protestants were to be lost.

In Early Years I Read the Bible

A few years after I was born we lived in a place where there were no schools. My mother became my first teacher, and the first book in which she taught me to read was the Bible. When I was eight or nine years old I read the Divine Book with an incredible pleasure, and my heart was much taken up with the beauty of the Word of God. My mother selected the chapters she wished me to read, and the attention I gave to it was such that, many times, I refused to go and play with the little boys outside in order to enjoy the pleasure of reading the Holy Book. Some of the chapters I loved more than others, and these I learned by heart.



Missionary Norman Lewis

Two Roads - Two Destinies

By Missionary Norman Lewis

Santiago 965, Rosario, Argentina

Now on furlough: address in States is 407 White Oak Drive, Greenville, South Carolina

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereto: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—Matt. 7:13, 14.

The Son of God declares that before human beings two roads stretch away into the future. The roads are not alike. One is "the way that leadeth to destruction." The other is "the way which leadeth unto life." The two are separate. The eternal destinations to which they lead are different.

We shall limit our considerations to three matters of vast importance to every eternity-bound soul.

I. Which Road Are You On?

Every unconverted person must answer, "I am on the wide road."

The road is well populated. One finds plenty of company traveling that route. It is the way of the majority. Maybe your answer to the question as to which road are you on was a bit cross. Perhaps you said, "Well, I think I am as good as most people I know." Or maybe you said, "I know a lot of other nice people who don't go to church either." Or perhaps, "I think religion is good, but I don't care to be a fanatic." That is typical language of the "many." Those folks are traveling the wide road. But have you ever noted how often the majority is wrong?

The majority was wrong when it poked fun at Adam Thompson

who in 1842 was the first man to fill a bathtub with hot water. Doctors predicted that hot baths would produce rheumatism and inflammation of the lungs. Authorities of Philadelphia passed a law prohibiting baths in the winter.

The majority was wrong when in 1896 in England the speed of any mechanical vehicle was limited to three miles per hour and a man was required to walk ahead of such vehicles waving a red flag.

The majority was wrong when it called Alexander Bell a fool as he presented his plans for the telephone in the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

The majority was wrong when it made a joke throughout the United States of McCormick and his harvester, saying the machine was a combination cart, wheelbarrow, and flying machine.

The majority was wrong when it charged Westinghouse with being crazy for saying he planned to use air in a brake to stop trains.

The majority was wrong when it judged Goodyear a fool for

(Continued on page 5)

The Double Curse on Booze

By Dr. John R. Rice

(SERMON PREACHED IN CITY-WIDE REVIVAL CAMPAIGN, CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, MAY 20, 1950. MECHANICALLY RECORDED FOR THE SWORD OF THE LORD.)

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine!"—Isa. 28:1.

"The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet."—Isa. 28:3.

"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."—Isa. 28:7, 8.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness! Thou art filled with shame for glory; drink thou also, and let thy foreskin be uncovered: the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory."—Hab. 2:15, 16.

Notice the woe to the crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim. Woe to the drunkard! A curse is on the drunkard, says the Word of God. There is a curse on the man who drinks, on the woman who drinks.

There is another curse: "Woe

unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!" There is a curse on the person who serves, who sells, who gives liquor.

By way of introduction, let me say this: in Biblical times they did not have distilled whisky as we have it now. However, they did have several kinds of wine. But wine in the New Testament very often means simply grapejuice. In fact, there was not in Bible times a different word for wine and for grapejuice as we have. When the juice was first squeezed out of the grapes, it was called wine, as you see from Proverbs 3:10: "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." So grapejuice is wine, in the Biblical sense. Later when the grapejuice ferments, it is still wine in the Biblical sense.

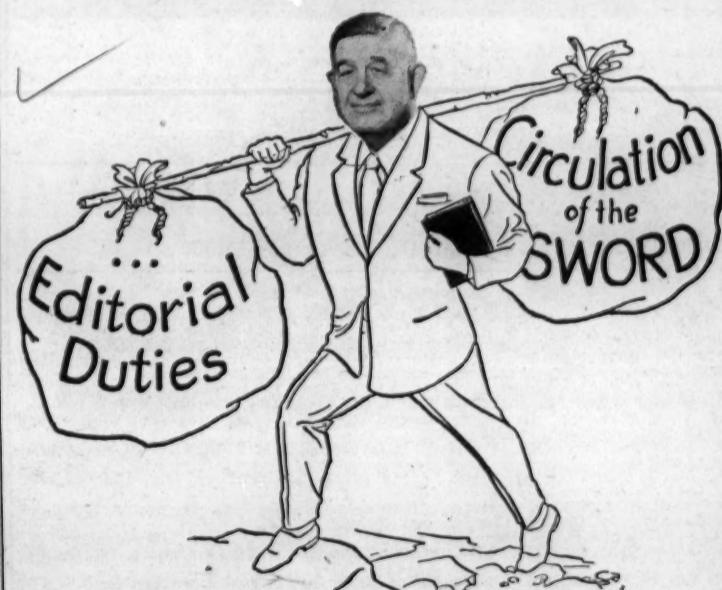
There is no reason to suppose that the wine which Jesus made at the wedding in John, chapter 2, was intoxicating wine. There is no reason to suppose that that which was used at the last supper and which New Testament church-

(Continued on page 8)

Get Under the Load

Dr. Rice Needs Your Help Now!

By Evangelist Walt Handford, Assistant Editor



For years Dr. Rice has carried the crushing burden of editing THE SWORD OF THE LORD. No one will ever know the long hours he puts in each week writing, editing the sermons of others, and praying for this world-wide ministry. He has no days off from the pressure and the load. (By the way, he gets no salary or pay of any kind for all this; it is a labor of love.)

In addition to the heavy editorial responsibilities, Dr. Rice car-

ries on a weekly one-half hour radio broadcast now heard over twenty-eight stations. Preparing the messages, O.K.'ing the announcements and music, and doing most of the promotion all fall on his shoulders.

These burdens Dr. Rice carries both when he is at home in Wheaton and also when he is away half

(Continued on page 4)



For four days, March 27 through 30, Sunday through Wednesday night, it was my pleasure to be the guest and speaker at Hayne Baptist Church, Rev. Elwin Anderson, pastor, at Spartanburg, South Carolina. It was good to see a reviving among God's people, some souls saved and many new dedications to soul winning. Mrs. Rice was with me.

At Bob Jones University Bible Conference

Wednesday night after the service friends drove us the thirty miles to Bob Jones University where for the rest of the week I am speaking in the annual Bible Conference.

Other speakers in the eight days include Dr. William Ward Ayer, evangelist and radio preacher from St. Petersburg, Florida; Rev. Kenton Beshore, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Oceanside, California; Dr. Henry Grube from Mobile, Alabama; Dr. John McComb, Northwest Presbyterian Church, Dallas, Texas; Dr. Noel Smith, editor of the *Baptist Bible Tribune*, Springfield, Missouri; Dr. Bob Jones, Sr.; President, Dr. Bob Jones, Jr.; and Dr. Marvin Lewis, all of Bob Jones University, and this editor.

I did not hear Dr. Ayer and Dr. McComb, I heard one fine Bible study message by Dr. Grube, and I rejoiced in strong and helpful messages by Brethren Noel Smith and Kenton Beshore. I rejoice in the strong, scholarly and aggressively fundamental messages of Brother Beshore, and Editor Smith is as pungent and colorful and clear-cut on the platform as are his editorials.

Dr. Bob Jones, Jr. returned only a week ago from the tour of Europe and the Holy Land which he conducted. Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., filled with the Spirit, not completely well physically, has been a great blessing in the conference.

And I need not say that the wonderful reception given me, the fellowship with the administration, the faculty, and students, has been most heart warming and blessed to my soul.

Expansion: New Buildings

As a trustee of Bob Jones University, and a long-time friend of this evangelistic, cultural school, I rejoice in the continued blessing of God. The new gymnasium is an architectural work of beauty, a tremendous asset. The science building is already closed in, and



This is a bird's-eye view of the Bob Jones University campus as it looked at the beginning of this school year. Silhouettes of the three new buildings under construction have been added. They are

(from left to right) the new women's dormitory, the new science building, and the new men's dormitory.

BJU Building Two Dormitories

Because of an anticipated increase in enrollment, the expansion program of Bob Jones University is being accelerated to include two additional dormitories (see picture). Already under construction is a Science and Home Economics Building. Ground was broken in February for the two new residence halls, and University officials anticipate the completion of all three structures in time for the fall semester.

Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., founder and chairman of the Board of Trustees, announced February 23 that 400 more students were holding reservations for the 1960-61 academic year than had applied for admission by the same date last year.

"It is not right to keep someone away who ought to come here," said Dr. Jones. "Many thousands of Christians might be in Hell today if it had not been for

will soon be completed, God willing.

Further expansion seems to be the plan of God. Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., tells me there are 460 more applications for the next school year than they had at this same time last year. Already the school is crowded to present capacity. The faculty and staff have to sit on the giant stage of the 3,000-seat Rodeheaver Auditorium. But it seems to be the will of God that provision should be made for those who long to come to this fundamental Christian university, with an evangelistic emphasis, with a cultural and leadership training far superior to anything else we know. So two new dormitories, one for men and one for women, are now under construction, and brick work on each is one story high. They will accommodate a maximum of eight hundred more students.

The hideous conspiracy against Bob Jones University has failed. The attack by the Billy Graham workers, with a planted and seduced "preacher boy" who broke

the ministry of school teachers, business people, preachers, missionaries, and people in many other walks of life trained at Bob Jones University." He said that he could not feel right about turning anyone away because of inadequate space.

Most of the student body of three thousand are housed in six large dormitories at present. In addition, a number of day students live in the city of Greenville. The two new dormitories will make it possible for Bob Jones University to accommodate as many as 800 additional students if necessary.

Character Not for Sale

A local committee of a certain community called on an old Scot, a leading merchant, and threatened to boycott his store if he did not withdraw his support from a certain moral issue. His reply came back, "I want you to know, gentlemen, that my goods are on sale but not my character."

the rules, the mimeographed letters that Dr. Bell sent to all the student body and to friends and leaders everywhere, the thousands of free copies of the book written by Dr. Billy Graham's paid aide on *Co-operative Evangelism*, mailed to all the students during commencement two years ago—the thousands upon thousands of bitter letters sent out by paid hatchet men, have only resulted in the greatly increased blessing of God on this, the World's Most Unusual University. Praise the Lord for His blessing!

That Ever-Present Creed, "I Believe in the Inspiration of the Bible . . ."

What a comfort it is to hear this great student body and faculty solemnly repeat every day the Creed of Bob Jones University:

"I believe in the inspiration of the Bible, both the Old and New Testaments; the creation of man by the direct act of God; the incarnation and virgin birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; His identification as the Son of God; His vicarious atonement for the sins of mankind by the shedding of His blood on the cross; the resurrection of His body from the tomb; His power to save men from sin; the new birth through the regeneration by the Holy Spirit; and the gift of eternal life by the grace of God."

Never a day goes by in Bob Jones University but that everybody is reminded that there is no way to be a good Christian but by out-and-out fidelity to the Word of God and to Christ, and the Great Commission. There is a spiritual unity, a oneness of holy conviction and zeal in all the Bob Jones University program, activities, and spirit. How wonderfully welcome a soul winner, an evangelist, feels on the campus! A defender of the faith is here more important than a football star, or than a professor who has been abroad to study the new evasive terminology of Karl Barth!

I rejoice in the cultural impact at Bob Jones University which is far ahead of that of any other school that I know, with its amazing art gallery—over a half million dollars' worth of masterpieces of religious art; the emphasis on speech and music which is on the whole student body; its tremendous Shakespeare productions; its Christian cinema department. But most of all I rejoice in the fidelity to the Word of God and the evangelistic emphasis here.

(Continued on page 5)

INCIDENTS

and Illustrations

By
Evangelist Robert L. Sumner
Contributing Editor

It Happened at Church

A. J. Gordon wrote a celebrated book entitled, "How Christ Came to Church." The way some churches have been making headlines in the past few months, it is exceedingly doubtful that our Lord is in attendance at every church which bears His name.

Not long ago there was a big effort to bring jazz music into the church. The First Methodist Church of Denton, Texas, brought jazz into their Sunday evening service, which they called a "prayer" service. A dance band musician, Ed Summerlin, wrote jazz music featuring "the moaning sax, the crying trumpets and siphorns" for the 40-minute score of John Wesley's Standard Prayer Service. Dr. Roger Ortmayer, faculty member at Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology, led the entire service. The assistant pastor, a former TV actor, preached a twenty minute sermonette.

The service was so popular that it was reproduced at the Quadrennial National Convocation of Methodist Youth meeting on the campus of Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana. There it was filmed for later TV appearance and release on commercial records. As many as six thousand young delegates as could jammed the University's Loeb Playhouse and thousands had to be turned away. The service was repeated on two succeeding days.

One disgusted delegate summed up the feeling of most people who really love the Lord, saying, "Old John Wesley must be whirling in his grave!" And while a preacher from Nebraska complained that "the music clashed with the words" of John Wesley's order for morning prayer, the reaction of most of the people present was favorable.

Down in Charleston, West Virginia, the St. Luke's Episcopal Church has brought the whole works into the church, not just the music. Every Saturday night they throw a big dance and the joint is jumping with jazz. The idea is to attract the young people for the Lord!

How is it working? Out of the hundreds who attend weekly—membership in the dance organization exceeds five hundred—less than a dozen of them attend church at St. Luke's!

Incidentally, the small fee which the young people are charged weekly—first it was a dime, now twenty cents—is to cover expenses. Part of the "necessary" expense covers payment for the services of a policeman whose duties include "to watch the premises after the dance is over."

Nice wholesome recreation for the kids, huh?

Another West Virginia church, the Trinity Lutheran Church at Wheeling, has also inaugurated a weekly dance for teen-agers. The pastor of the church, Rev. William A. Renn, opens each session with a prayer and closes it with a benediction. What an insult to the Almighty, asking His blessing on such a travesty of morality! In

order to attend the dance, the teen-agers must "promise" to attend a Sunday school or church service of "their choice" the following Sunday—or some "youth activity" of their choice (which covers a pretty broad field).

Still another West Virginia church, this one also at Charleston, recently sponsored a series of six lectures on the theme, "How to Avoid a Heart Attack!"

Meanwhile, a SWORD subscriber in Virginia sends a clipping from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* headlined "CIGARETS BUILD DINWIDDIE CHURCH." The article tells how for the past five years a local Methodist church has raised tobacco to get money for a new building. This seems like a mighty disgraceful way to get money for God: joining hands with the tobacco industry to undermine the health and morals of American citizens! The next step down would be making whisky—and funds could be raised for a new building quicker through booze than cancer sticks!

Me thinks it would be a good idea for the brethren in the above mentioned churches to re-study what the Bible says about the purpose of the local church, the program of the local church, and the means of providing for the local church.

Believe me, it would revolutionize their procedures!

According to the United States Agriculture Department, the U. S. manufactured about 485 billion cigarettes last year, an increase of approximately 15 billion over 1958. An additional 7 billion cigars and cigarillos also went up in smoke. The Department reports that approximately 58 million Americans smoke regularly, including 35 million men and 23 million women. The latter are fast closing the gap on the men and the average rate of smoking is 19 cigarettes per day for women and 24 per day for men.

Untrustworthy Trusted Trusty

Claude Howard, a 26-year-old former state prison trusty, behaved himself so well during his Nevada confinement—he earned a job with Governor Grant Sawyer. His following exemplary conduct as houseboy in the mansion eventually earned him a pardon.

Now he is back in prison!

It seems that after Sawyer pardoned Howard, the latter left with the governor's personal checkbook and went on a spree forging checks on the governor's personal account. He left a trail of forged checks in Reno, Carson City, Elko and Montana. The trusty couldn't be trusted!

However, before you condemn him too severely, how are you as a Christian reacting to the trust which has been committed unto you? Paul, speaking of himself but including all the redeemed, said in I Thessalonians 2:4: "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts."

We have been put in trust with the Gospel, and if we do not declare that Good News to the lost and dying, we are failing in the holy responsibility which has been committed into our care. That is why Paul said in I Corinthians 9:16, 17, "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! For if I do this thing willingly, I have reward: but if against my will, a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me."

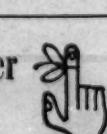
Are you true to your trust?

Pray for Evangelist Sumner's meetings:

Thru May 1:
First Baptist Church
Prince at Water Street
Princeton, Indiana

May 3-15:

First Regular Baptist Church
6423 Arizona Avenue
Hammond, Indiana

Remember to...  Read the ads

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By Aunt Mary

Good morning! Spring is finally here and we are so happy about that. The Himes children were tired of winter too, and about March 21, Johnny expected the sun to begin to shine extra brightly and the weather to be summer warm. Of course it didn't work out that way. We had one last tremendously big snowfall. Johnny, on the last time he went sledding, went one way while the sled went another. His lip was cut rather badly, but one little stitch by our good doctor made things all right again.

Suddenly the snow melted and in Wheaton we have nearly been flooded. Swamps are full again and some yards are pools of water. As I walked around our home yesterday I found tulips and hyacinths growing. It won't be long till they bloom. A few robins are here and other birds are appearing.

Every spring should be a new reminder of Christ's rising from the dead. Every flower from a sleeping bulb can remind us that our loved ones who died trusting Jesus will rise with new, perfect bodies when Jesus comes back for all who love Him, to take us to Heaven.

What lovely letters I have received this week. From Belleville, Michigan, came a whole batch of letters, applications for membership in the Sword Bearer's Club. This group of children meets every Saturday in the Bishop home for

Bible reading and prayer. Some of the children wrote that they particularly enjoy the singing, others, cookies and milk. But all will become better Christians because they have promised to read the Bible and pray every day. They can encourage each other to keep at it.

Welcome to David Bishop, Janet Edwards, Paul Hall, Jerry Bishop, Sharon Lynn Bishop, Jeffory Lynn Jenkins, and Judy Jenkins and Sharon Scheffler. We have sent each one a membership card with Aunt Mary's signature on it, the gold Sword Bearer's pin, and because they asked for it, a copy to each of *What Must I Do to Be Saved*, by our editor, Dr. Rice.

How kind Mrs. Bishop is to sponsor their Saturday morning club, and help them learn to serve Jesus. Perhaps you may find an adult (that means a big person, you know, a grown-up) who would help you form a local club, perhaps to meet each week and read Kid's Corner together. But if you live miles from other boys and girls you can still be a good soldier of Jesus Christ and a member of the Sword Bearer's Club.

Please read the application blank carefully, noticing what you promise to do. Fill it out completely and mail it with 25¢ to me, Aunt Mary, Kid's Korner, Box 420, Wheaton, Illinois.

And don't forget *Bird Life in Wington*.

APPLICATION FOR SWORD-BEARERS CLUB

Please enroll me as a member of the Sword-Bearers Club. I will aim to be a "good soldier of Jesus Christ" in everything I do. I promise, by God's help, to try to read at least one chapter in the Bible each day. I will set out to follow what the Bible teaches me. I will also take time each day to pray, asking forgiveness for my sins and help for the day.

I enclose 25¢ for my gold sword membership pin.

NAME _____ BIRTH DATE _____
STREET OR BOX _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____
(Please print clearly)

Learning to Fly



He grabbed the limb with his claws and held on.

"I do not know what is the matter with Baldy," said Mrs. Eagle to Mr. Eagle. "He's four weeks old tomorrow and he won't even try to fly."

"What does he say when you ask him to try?" asked Papa Eagle.

"He says he's afraid he will fall. Says it makes him dizzy to look down. He screams, he cries, he does everything but flap his wings. My patience is completely exhausted."

Later that evening Mr. Eagle said to Baldy, "Son, what do you want for your birthday tomorrow? How about an airplane?"

"No, I don't like airplanes."

"Why, son?"

"Because they scare me."

"Don't you want to learn to fly?"

"No, I'm afraid I might fall."

"But mother and I both fly and we don't fall."

"Yes, but I'm sure I would. I don't want to fly."

Mr. Eagle sat thinking for a moment. He couldn't understand why a son of his should be afraid to fly. He felt Baldy must have some reason for his fear. "Son," he said, "have you ever seen anyone hurt by trying to fly?"

Baldy hesitated, then said, "That's the way Bushy Squirrel sprained his ankle."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Eagle.

Then Baldy told him the whole story, as now I tell it to you.

Bushy Squirrel had come over one afternoon to Baldy's nest when Mr. and Mrs. Eagle both were away. After awhile Bushy said, "My daddy is the best climber

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

It is said that "the drunkard's life has two chapters. First, he could have stopped if he would; second, he would have stopped if he could." (From National Voice)

in all the world. He can climb the highest tree in the forest."

"But my daddy can fly over the tops of all the trees," said Baldy. "He can fly away up almost to the sun."

"That's nothing," said Bushy, "flying is easy but climbing is hard."

"If you think flying is easy, why don't you try it," said Baldy. "I dare you."

Of course Bushy had never seen his father or mother fly but he had heard them talking one night about flying squirrels, and he didn't like to pass up a dare, so he said, "All right, here I go. Watch me!"

And with that he jumped off the limb, spread out his feet, swished his tail and headed straight for the ground! Probably he would have been killed but for the fact that he landed on a big limb about twenty feet below. He grabbed it with his claws and held on for dear life.

He was so frightened that he lay quite still for several minutes before he dared to move, and Baldy Eagle was almost as scared as he was. Both of them decided then and there that they would never, never try to fly again.

That is the story Baldy told his daddy. When he had finished, Mr. Eagle said, "Baldy, why didn't you tell us before?"

"Because," said Baldy, "Bushy didn't want anyone to know. He was afraid that his mother might shut him up in a hole in a tree for being a naughty boy. Am I going to be punished for daring him to fly?"

"No, son," said Mr. Eagle, "because I am going to dare you to fly. You see, squirrels were not made to fly but eagles were. Bushy does not have wings but you do. If you spread them out and flap them, they will hold you up. Come on now, I dare you!"

"I can't, daddy, I'm afraid I might fall." And Baldy was about ready to cry.

Then Mr. Eagle did a very strange thing, a thing that looked quite heartless. He pushed Baldy out of the nest and right off the edge. Down, down he started to fall, and then for some reason he hardly knew, he began flapping his wings and what do you think? He stopped falling and started to rise instead.

"That's the way, son," called Mr. Eagle. "Keep on flapping your wings. Let's see you make it back to the nest."

Up, up, a foot at a time came Baldy, until he was almost to the edge of the nest, but he couldn't make it. His strength was gone and he was out of breath, and now again he was falling, falling, just as fast as Bushy Squirrel fell when he tried to fly. Baldy thought it was all over for him, when all of a sudden he felt something soft under his feet and realized he was sailing out into the air.

"Here I am, son," said Mr. Eagle, who had swooped down under him and caught him on his wide back, "Now I'll show you how much fun it is to fly," and they sailed out into the open and across a river and over the top of a mountain and up toward the blue of the sky. When they were almost back home again Mr. Eagle said, "Son, I think you have learned a very important lesson. Our fears are our worst enemies. They frighten us and make us unhappy. And the only way to get rid of them is to face them and to do the very thing they tell us not to do. That is why I pushed you out of the nest. You would always have been a coward and unhappy inside unless you had tried to fly."

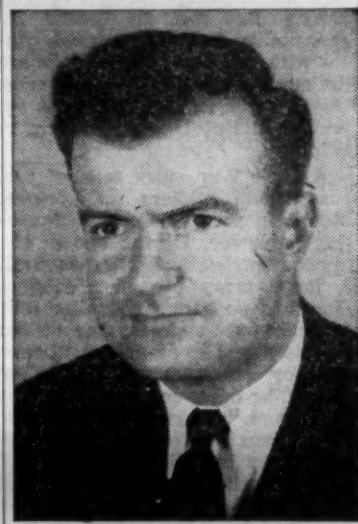
"I am not afraid now," said Baldy, "and I am rested, too, see?" And with that he spread his little wings and sailed off his father's back and they flew on home together side by side. As they landed on the edge of the nest, Baldy said, "I have changed my mind. I do want an airplane for my birthday tomorrow."

"You shall have it," said Mr. Eagle. "Your mother and I are so very proud of our brave little son."

(From *BIRD LIFE IN WINGTON*, by Rev. J. Calvin Reid. The sixteenth of thirty chapters appear regularly in *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*. This book may be had for \$1.50 from *Sword of the Lord*, Box 420, Wheaton, Ill.)

Evangelist Joe Miller

EVANGELIST JOE MILLER, Route 1, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, has some open dates in June, July, and August. Brother Miller is a college graduate, a thorough Bible student, a strong Bible preacher, spiritual, devoted, and faithful. He has a love and compassion for souls, is unselfish and devoted, setting no price on his services. He is loyal and helpful.



Evangelist Joe Miller

ful and constructive in the church; has been greatly blessed of God in revivals and has the fine commendations of many, many pastors where he has been invited to return again and again for revivals.

We commend him heartily. He is really a beloved and very useful evangelist with the hand of God upon him. Some of his sermons have been published in *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*.

Pastors and committees who seek his services during these three months mentioned may write Brother Miller at the above address.

And if you invite him, please work hard ahead of time to get good crowds.

No Respecter of Persons

One day in a Federal prison I watched a teacher attempt to teach grown men how to read and write. On down the hall I saw a former United States senator sitting in the prison library quietly reading a book on religion.

Sin is no respecter of persons. If it gets a chance, it will ruin your life. It doesn't care if you are a United States senator or unable to read and write. You may be rich or poor, young or old, learned or unlearned—sin will wreck and ruin your life and eternally separate your soul from God.

—Source unknown.

With the EVANGELISTS

By the Editor

REV. PAUL RAKER, P. O. Box 422, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, held a seven-day meeting closing March 20 in the Bible Baptist Church of Paducah, Kentucky. Rev. Roger Martin, pastor, reports a blessed time of reviving among Christians with conviction of sin and a deep moving of the Spirit of God. There were 5 saved during the revival with 2 having come for salvation or open confession the night before the revival began.

EVANGELISTS HAL WEBB and THERON BABCOCK, 508 Buse Street, Ridley Park, Pennsylvania, held a meeting March 6-20 in the First Baptist Church of Newfield, New Jersey. Rev. William E. Abernathy, pastor, reports that 49 people accepted Christ as Saviour, 32 Christians got victory over sin, 2 backsliders were reclaimed and a number of other Christians made decisions for soul winning. The pastor highly recommends this revival team for their spiritual, church-related ministry, as well as their clear-cut stand of separation from apostasy and liberalism.

EVANGELIST ERNIE TONETTI, 6114 Barren Drive, Richmond, Virginia, reports a revival which he held in the Pilgrim Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, where Rev. Tom Sizer is pastor. During the meeting held March 13-18, there were 8 souls saved and 6 rededications.

REV. CHARLES VRADENBURGH, 1927 Thompson Street, Lansing 6, Michigan, had eight days of revival services with the Needmore Community Church, Charlotte, Michigan, March 6-13. He writes that "it was a happy and rewarding experience to labor with their 89-year-old pastor, Rev. Frank Moxon." There were 5 public professions of faith, and the fires of revival were kindled in the hearts of those who attended the meeting.

We commend our brother, Charles Vradenburg, long-time friend of *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* and for some years associated with us in the work at Wheaton. He is sound in the faith, fervent in spirit, devoted in character.

REV. DON GUTTRIDGE, Route 3, Box 317, Oklahoma City 7, Oklahoma, is now in full-time revival work. Thirty-one years old, he has a wife and two children. A friend and trusted evangelist, Brother Ralph Davidson, writes us, "He is a strong preacher of the Word, has a genuine passion for souls and knows how to assist godly pastors in revival campaigns. Personally, I highly recommend him to any church needing real revival."

Dr. Bob Jones SAYS:



I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that God called Bob Jones University into existence and trained it for this day. Recently we closed our annual Bible Conference, and there has never been such a spirit on the campus as we had during that Conference and as we still have as a result of that Conference.

My friends, I have no selfish axe to grind. If I know my own heart, there is not anything in the world I want except to do what God wants me to do; and I feel sure I represent the feeling in the heart of my son, who is President of the school, and the feeling of the faculty of Bob Jones University. These men and women on the faculty are standing by this school in every particular; and we praise God for them.

Now we want people to help

us, and you can help us in three ways. First: Please pray for Bob Jones University as never before.

Second: Keep your eyes open for young people who can be trained for real Christian leadership and turn them to Bob Jones University.

Third: Invest some money in the work. We are just completing a new science building, and we have two dormitories under construction; and we need money to pay for these buildings. It looks as if in spite of two new dormitories, we will be overflowing this coming fall. We need your prayers, your co-operation, and your financial support. Won't you let us hear from you? Please do. Thank you, and God bless you.

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Alcohol is poison. It injures the brain cells, abnormally accelerates the heartbeat, helps destroy the blood vessels, and causes at least temporary loss of thinking faculties.

The first drink may bring laughter; later it will bring groans.

The expert examining the records of forty-two insurance companies concluded that the habitual drinker shortens his life by ten to twelve years.

"You can get along with a wooden leg, but you can't get along with a wooden head."

—Dr. Mayo

Get Under the Load

(Continued from page 1)

the time in revivals and soul-winning conferences.

Here Is a Burden You and I Can Carry

There is not much except to pray that you and I can do to help Dr. Rice about the things already mentioned. But in addition to the editorial responsibility, the radio load and the revivals, through the years Dr. Rice has also done much of the promotional work to get subscriptions for THE SWORD OF THE LORD. There has been some help from others, but he has carried much of the load himself. Over the years he has written most of the subscription campaign articles for the paper and many of the letters about subscriptions.

Now here is where you and I can help. We can get the subscriptions for the paper and free Dr. Rice to carry on the work of writing and editing it. We ought to be able to completely lift this burden from his shoulders.

Do you remember the story of the four men who brought their friend to Jesus? Mark 2:1-12 tells how these four men banded together to bring their sick friend to the Lord Jesus so the man could be healed. Something of this same teamwork must be done if we are to get THE SWORD OF THE LORD out to those who need it.

For several years I have been in revival work full time. The Lord has graciously given some wonderful meetings and allowed us to have a measure of success.

But a number of months ago

God led me to not accept any meetings for January, February, or March of this year in order to help on the matter of circulation and getting new subscriptions for THE SWORD OF THE LORD. To me, preaching is my life and yet this work must be done and there seemed no one else to do it.

Now I ask you to help about the matter, too. I cannot possibly do this job alone. Praise the Lord, some folks are helping. I check the mail every day and rejoice over those who are sending subscriptions.

But many folks are just going along for the ride. They freely accept the blessings brought by THE SWORD, but feel no special responsibility for helping reach others with the paper. Many folks are for our stand against compromise, they believe in evangelism as we preach it. But they do nothing to help.

A Civil War story tells of two confederate soldiers on Lookout Mountain overlooking Chattanooga, Tennessee. During one of the famous battles, while they watched, a large army of union soldiers closed in on a much smaller unit of their own buddies. One of the two men said to his friend, "I sure am 'for' our men and hope they win." The other man replied, "I'm 'for' them, too, and in a few minutes I am not only going to be 'for' them but also 'with' them," and he ran down the mountain side to join his outnumbered friends.

There are many folks "for" us who also ought to be "with" us and join in the battle for old-time, Bible-based evangelism. Don't merely be "for" us, but help now by sending THE SWORD to many of your friends.

The special 6 months for \$1.00 offer for new subscriptions makes it possible to introduce the paper to many who need it. Lots of Christians would invest a dollar for a 6 months trial subscription if you told them of the special offer. One man last fall sent in over two hundred subscriptions that he sold to his Christian friends in a very short period of time simply by showing them the paper and asking if they wouldn't like to receive it.

The following coupon makes it easy for you to send subscriptions. For new subscriptions the rate is 6 months for \$1.00 or \$2.00 a year. One year renewals may be included at this special rate of \$2.00. (Six month renewals can be accepted only when the order totals \$10 or more.)

Get under the load today and help to lighten Dr. Rice's burdens!



W. J. Bryan

Centennial of
William Jennings Bryan
March 19

Since Saturday, March 19, marked the 100th year of the birth of a great American, the pastor wants to pay tribute to William Jennings Bryan, three-time Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the U. S. As a result of a lecture, "Is the Bible True?" which he delivered at the state capitol in Nashville, Jan. 29, 1925, the legislature passed the famous "Anti-evolution Bill" which made it unlawful to teach evolution in tax-supported schools of Tennessee. The bill was passed on March 21, 1925.

A Dayton high school science teacher, John T. Scopes, admitted he was teaching evolution in his classes. The American Civil Liberties Union offered to finance the case for the defense. The Chicago press arranged for Clarence Darrow, famous agnostic criminal lawyer, to support the defense. A group of earnest Memphis Christians enlisted the services of Bryan for the prosecution.

On July 10, 1925, the most famous case in the history of the

Just Five Minutes

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning, Aye, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake or for another's sake.

—Henry Drummond.

American Bar began. The courtroom was so crowded that sessions were transferred to the courthouse lawn. For eight days the battle raged. Darrow was cited for contempt for sarcastic remarks to the judge, with bond fixed at \$5,000. He then made a moving apology which the court accepted. On July 21 a verdict of guilty was rendered by the jury, and Scopes ordered to pay a fine of \$100. Bryan gave a masterful address and easily won the case.

Two days later, without sickness and pain, he "was not, for God took him." Today in that same town a college exists to his memory. God bless his memory—a great Christian.—Dr. G. Archer Weniger, in *Blue Print*.

The whole arrangement is not only splendid grist for the revivalist, but one of the best in books to give or lend, wrapped in prayer, to the reading unbeliever."

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BIBLE TRACTS

Editor's Notes

(Continued from page 2)

A Blessed Moving of the Holy Spirit

These notes are written Sunday morning, April 3. I am in the home of Pastor Jimmy Stewart near Charlotte. Last night, after I spoke in the Rodeheaver Auditorium at Bob Jones University, we drove these hundred miles, arriving past midnight. And I have already had my breakfast of bacon and ham and scrambled eggs, tomato juice, fig preserves, hot biscuits and coffee! Soon I will be speaking to this good Baptist church which is nominally a Southern Baptist Convention church, but supports its own missionaries and runs its own affairs.

Last night our hearts were blessed with a sweet moving of the Spirit of God. I spoke on Matthew 9:35-38, "The Harvest Is Plenteous But the Laborers Are Few." Some eight hundred or more of the student body are already committed to a lifetime work in the ministry, but last night I called on others who had not yet committed themselves and who clearly knew the call of God was upon them, to lay their lives on the altar. There must have been twenty or more who stood and openly took their stand, giving up other careers in answer to the plain call of God for a life of soul-winning ministry.

This afternoon I go back for the final service when I speak at 7:30, closing the Bible Conference. Then tomorrow morning Mrs. Rice and I take a plane at 8:15 to fly to Norfolk, Virginia, where I will be speaking Monday through Wednesday with the Good News Baptist Church, Rev. D. M. Hardison, pastor. And then on Thursday back to Wheaton and to the office and to the work!

The Radio Emergency

I cannot honestly call it less than an emergency, the present need for help in the nation-wide radio "Voice of Revival" broadcast.

God has wonderfully blessed the broadcast. To take on such an enormous load from the very start and to have such a wonderful response has been a blessed step of faith and God has answered. However, the load is so heavy, and we have now such heavy bills that are due, that we must appeal to friends far and near. The "Voice of Revival" broadcast has a possible radio audience of some fifty million people or more, and millions do listen, we know. And God is getting hold of so many. I rejoice in a sweet letter that came yesterday from a man who heard the broadcast and writes, "I came to Jesus tonight!" We believe uncounted thousands will be saved through this broadcast and we want your help.

When this is written we, of course, have not yet gotten the response which will come from last week's appeal. But we need sacrificial gifts. Mrs. Rice and I, with very modest income and without money laid by and without stocks and bonds or property for the future, have gladly given sacrificially. In this broadcast I give my time as freely as do the wonderful singers. I simply ask that those who want to help get out the Gospel and to keep this broadcast on the air, nation-wide, should make it a regular matter of prayer and a regular matter of systematic and even sacrificial support to the glory of God. What you do, do for Jesus' sake, and please do it soon and regularly.

Address: Dr. John R. Rice, Wheaton, Illinois, and specify your gift if you feel led for the "Voice of Revival" broadcast.

Remember, all I ask anybody to do is what God leads you to do. And the motive that I ask you to be moved by is simply to get out the Gospel in Jesus' name.

Thousands of New Subscriptions: Have You Sent Yours?

We are making a special effort to enlist thousands of new readers for THE SWORD OF THE LORD. To this end we have made the remarkable offer that any new subscriber may have THE SWORD OF THE LORD six months for \$1.00. We have the same expenses of making the stencil, writing the letters, sending renewal blanks and the

follow-up, as if one had subscribed for a year or more. But we want thousands more of Christian people to get acquainted with this, "America's Foremost Revival Weekly."

And if you will send a list of new subscriptions and if your order amounts to \$10 or more, you may include your own subscription at the same rate, \$1.00 for six months, \$2.00 a year, eighteen months for \$3.00, etc. And I hope you will renew your own subscription for as far as possible in advance. It makes for security that you will not miss a copy, and that you will not fail to renew by some neglect or preoccupation.

I know that thousands will help us pray about the subscription campaign. Without salary as an editor, with no financial return possible directly from THE SWORD OF THE LORD, with all the assets signed away in a nonprofit corporation so that I could not recover them nor could Mrs. Rice nor my children, I do not seek anything for myself through THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Those who send subscriptions are good friends and helpers, but if a million subscriptions came in I would not receive a dollar from it. But this is the business of all of us to spread the sermons and the defense of the faith, and to set revival fires burning, to save young people from the snares of worldliness.

Two Roads, Two Destinies

(Continued from page 1)

spending eleven years seeking to vulcanize rubber.

The majority was wrong when it sought to discourage Robert Fulton's work on the first steamboat which they named "Fulton's Folly."

Is it not likely, my friend, that the majority may be wrong in its attitude toward Jesus Christ? You are still a part of the majority that denies Christ His rightful place in every life. Why continue with the mistaken majority?

The Voice of God

Another moving fact tells men they are on the wrong road. It is the strong appeal of Jesus. As one version puts it, "Go in by the small gate. Broad and spacious is the road that leads to destruction, and those that go in by it are many; for small is the gate, and narrow the road, that leads to Life, and those that find it are few" (Matt. 7:13, 14, 20th Cent. Test.). Jesus Christ exhorts you to change to the other road. Think what that means. The Son of God came from Heaven to die for your sins and mine. He Himself urges you to leave the wide road, and enter the way of life.

Edgerton Ryerson Young is a missionary to the Indians in the Hudson Bay region of Canada. His was a strange experience. The weather was bitter cold, the thermometer stood at 57° below zero, Young had gone with his physician-brother to visit some sick Indians. On the return trip, at sunset, the two dog teams became separated. His team lagged behind. Suddenly as he looked at the scene, the sled, the equipment, and his dogs had turned to gold. He stopped to enjoy the vision. A voice seemed to say, "Why not sit down on the gold sled and enjoy this scene?" He did so. The voice said again, "Why not lie down and rest?" He obeyed. Beautiful music broke upon his ears. He had never felt so happy in his life.

Just then he heard another voice saying, "Edgerton Ryerson Young, you are freezing to death!" He started up at the sound of the voice and commanded his dogs, "Home!" He felt the tug at the traces as they started, then lapsed into unconsciousness. The next thing he knew was some time later when friendly Indians were working over him. Young believes it was the voice of God which said to him, "You are freezing to death." The voice that aroused him saved his life.

The voice of God rings down the ages. It arouses men who are slipping into unconsciousness in their transgressions and sins. God says, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33:11).

II. Which Road Should You Travel?

"The way which leadeth unto

ness, to save preachers from the seduction of modernism and to win sinners to Christ—that God is doing every day through THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Every day's mail tells of souls saved through this literature. Every day's mail tells of missionaries encouraged, of preachers kept on the track and inspired for God's blessed work. Now please help us by sending as large a list of new subscribers as possible. And, of course, renewal subscriptions may be sent along provided they are in a subscription order of \$10 or more.

Read It Again!

Did you read that remarkable message by the vice-president, Evangelist Walter Handford, assistant editor, on "Paths to Ruin for a Preacher" in THE SWORD OF THE LORD for April 1? I hope you will save that. I hope you will see that some preacher reads it. And, oh, may God protect His preachers from the snares of Satan!

We are grateful for the expanding ministry and the constant help of Assistant Editor Walt Handford. I hope you will pray often for him that God will fill him with the Spirit, that God will make his shoulders strong for heavy burdens, that God will open wide doors for usefulness to this pungent-speaking and anointed young man of God!

life," says the voice of reason. Only this way makes sense. It is the way of permanent well-being. It is the right road for every living soul. But notice well, it is a way to live. This is a permanent commitment.

Gambling is sponsored by most South American governments. Lottery tickets are offered for sale on the streets, on trains, in restaurants—wherever people can be found. Thousands of people buy lottery tickets to "try their luck." It is to be feared some people raise their hand or go forward in response to the gospel invitation with the same idea. They want to "try their religious luck."

José Avellaneda, who operated for twenty years as a big-time crook before God saved him, has told me how religion affected him during that time. He says when he was planning a daring assault or a big robbery, he would look up the nearest church and pray to the virgin to bless him and make him successful in his plans. Avellaneda was playing the religious lottery. It need hardly be said that such an attitude is an insult to God. It would make God the author of sin. How can a holy God bless sin? The Bible says God hates sin. God and sin are opposites.

Therefore, to choose Christ you must reject sin. You must abandon it. Jesus came to "save his people from their sins" (Matt. 1:21). To even talk of being saved while holding on to sin is utter wickedness. To all such confusion the Apostle Paul answers: "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity" (II Tim. 2:19). True conversion transforms the life!

You Don't Dare

Eduardo Palaci, evangelist and great-heart for God, told us an amusing incident about his sons. Son Eduardo was eight years old, Clement was six. Eduardo had been a real mischief-maker, but one day the Gospel reached his heart and he was converted. On a Saturday Mr. Palaci sat reading in his study while the two boys played in the next room. Suddenly the noise stopped; silence reigned. Mr. Palaci looked through the door to see what had occurred. The boys had quarreled. Eduardo was pulling up his sleeves, ready to go after Clement with his fists. But Clement said in a defiant tone, "You don't dare beat me up; you're converted, and I'm not." Eduardo hesitated. Moments later he went outside. Clement followed him and the father quietly observed them both. Outside Eduardo leaned against the house, head bowed, praying, while Clement taunted him.

Conversion changes the heart. "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." This is the way of life in Christ.

Decide Your Destiny

Your decision as to the way determines your eternal destiny. Do you propose to reach Heaven at last? In your deepest heart do you long for a happy eternity? Then change to God's road. Get on the right way now.

Balaam is a strange Bible character. His gifts were great. He knew much of the truth of God. He wanted to win life's race. Balaam hoped to make a strong finish. He said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like this!" (Num. 23:10). But Balaam kept on the wrong route. He did not change roads. What happened? He was slaughtered at last on a field of battle, among the enemies of God's people.

Your decision determines your destiny. "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be" (Eccles. 11:3). When you pass from this life your course is set for eternity. Woe to the man who dallies on the wrong road! In the last chapter of the last book of the Bible we read: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still" (Rev. 22:11). Make the right choice in this world. Your decision cannot be revoked in the world to come. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve" (Josh. 24:15).

Last Visit

Years ago Pastor Phillips Brooks was very ill and unable to receive visitors. When the notorious atheist, Bob Ingersoll, learned of his friend's sickness, he went to the house to see him and was received immediately. Said Ingersoll: "I appreciate very much your receiving me, especially in view of the fact that you have not conceded such a distinction to other people. But tell me, why have you received me and not others?"

"The fact is," answered Brooks, "that I have the assurance that I shall see my Christian friends in the next world, but this is perhaps the last opportunity for me to see you."

What startling words! But they agree with the plain Bible facts. John said of Christ: "He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable" (Luke 33:17).

III. Getting on the "Life" Road

One must enter the narrow gate. It gives access to "the way." Jesus said repeatedly, "I am the door." He also said, "I am the way." Is that not striking? Jesus Christ says, "Come unto me." He says, "Enter." Obey Him. Make up your mind to do as He tells you. Lay aside your imagined goodness. Souls convicted of sin often stumble here. It is natural to want to hold on to our goodness. Yet the things we imagine to be virtues only hinder us from entering the narrow gate of salvation. In God's sight "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64:6).

An Indian and white man heard the same sermon and both were convicted of sin. The Indian yielded to Christ's claims immediately and at once experienced the joy of salvation. The white man, on the other hand, continued for a long time desperately unhappy. At last he abandoned his false hopes and was truly converted. Shortly and said to him, "How is it that you found the joy of salvation so quickly, and I so long suffered the misery of my sins?"

The Indian said, "I'll tell you, brother, why that was. A prince comes and offers you a fine new suit but you glance at the suit you have on and say to yourself, 'After all, my suit is not so bad. It will do for a while longer.' The prince turns to me and offers me a new suit. I look at the old blanket wrapped around me and say to myself: This filthy thing is no good at all. I accept in that moment the gift he offers me. That is what happened, my brother. You tried to retain your own righteousness. You did not want to abandon it, but I, a poor Indian, knew

that I had nothing in which to glory. Therefore I immediately accepted the righteousness that God offered me through Jesus Christ."

God help us to see it clearly. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us" (Titus 3:5).

Half and Half

Partial repentance is another evil which threatens the seeking soul. Half-hearted repentance is deadly dangerous. A news item recently published tells of a New York taxpayer who sent an unsigned letter to the State Comptroller's office in Albany. The letter said the writer had cheated on his income tax ten years before, and that he had not been able to get a good night's sleep since. He enclosed \$25.00 and added, "If I still can't sleep, I'll send the balance."

What a wretched business! How can a man hope to get on with God while still paying tribute to the dictates of his wicked selfishness? No man can serve two masters. At salvation's door the choice must be made. Decide for one or the other. I believe the angels on High lean over the balconies of Heaven and strain their eyes with eager interest to see a sinner break with his sin. That sets the bells of Heaven ringing. "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repented" (Luke 15:7).

But when repentance is only half-hearted, the Devil is able to keep his evil hand on the life. Men may be fooled. They may count such a person converted. He may be baptized, taken into the church, and have his name added to the membership list. But woe to that person if he does not break with sin! Woe to the taxpayer who only plans to send the rest of what he owes if he finds himself still unable to sleep!

All for God

Christ said, "Enter by the narrow gate." But leave all sins outside. Do not try to squeeze through holding one or more pet sins. The Bible says, "God is not mocked." Take pains what you do, that in the judgment day before the assembled universe you not be found a counterfeit Christian who never really repented of your sins.

Friend, I challenge you for the eternal wellbeing of your soul, dare to be all for God. Make a thorough break with sin. Put the axe to the root of the tree. "Slay utterly" everything in your life that is displeasing and hateful to God.

Go through the narrow gate. Christ will meet you there. He is the door. That way lies peace, joy, and salvation. That way is life. That road leads to Heaven.

Be Personal

One last word. Be personal in your faith. Deal directly with Jesus Christ. Call upon Him. None other can help you. He alone can save. See how personal the Apostle Paul was in his relation to Christ. He wrote of the Saviour "who loved me, and gave himself for me." Again he said, "Christ in you the hope of glory."

Peter seemed very preoccupied when the Sunday School class closed. Apparently he wanted to speak personally with the teacher. They sat together on a bench. Peter said he wanted to be saved.

"Go home to your own room," said the teacher, "and alone in the presence of God kneel down and open your Bible to John 3:16. —For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then in the place where the verse says "world" and "whosoever," put your own name and see how it fits.

The following Sunday before time for the class, Peter, with a glad countenance, sought his teacher. He said, "I want to thank you, Sir, because now I am saved." "Thank God! When did it happen?"

"Last Sunday afternoon. I went to my room, read the verse you showed me, and put my name in. It was just what I needed, and I thank God for it."

My unconverted friend, do what Peter did. Put your own name in John 3:16. Give yourself to Jesus Christ without reserve. Hold back nothing. The gate is narrow but it leads to life. God grant you may enter in.

The Gift

(Continued from page 1)

The condition is that though the priest or people may read the Bible, they must never, under any circumstances, interpret a single word according to their conscience, their intelligence, or in their own mind. When I was ordained a priest I swore that I would interpret the Scriptures only according to the unanimous consent of the Holy Fathers.

Friends, go to Roman Catholics today, and ask them if they have permission to read the Bible. They will tell you, "Yes, I can read it." But ask, "Have you permission to interpret it?" They will tell you, "No." The priest says positively to the people, and the Church says positively to the priest, that they cannot interpret a single word of the Bible according to their own intelligence and their own conscience, and that it is a grievous sin to take upon themselves the interpretation of a single word. The priest says in effect to the people, "If you try to interpret the Bible with your own intelligence you are lost. It is a most dangerous book. You may read it, but it is better not to read it, because you cannot understand it."

What is the result of such teaching? The result is, that though both the priests and the people have the Bible in their hands, they do not read it. Would you read a book if you were persuaded that you cannot understand a single word by yourself? Would you be such fools as to waste your time reading a book which you were persuaded you could not understand a single line of? Then, my friends, this is the truth about the Church of Rome. They have a great number of Bibles. You will find Bibles on the tables of the priests and of Catholic laymen, but among ten thousand priests there are not two who read the Bible from the beginning to the end and pay any attention to it. They read a few pages here and there; that is all.

In the Church of Rome the Bible is a sealed book, but it was not so with me. I found it precious to my heart when I was a little boy, and when I became a priest of Rome I read it to make me a strong man, and to make me able to argue for the Church.

My great object was to confound the Protestant ministers of America. I got a copy of the "Holy Fathers," and I studied it day and night with the Holy Scriptures, in order to prepare myself for the great battle I wanted to fight against the Protestants. I made this study in order to strengthen my faith in the Roman Catholic Church.

But, blessed be God! every time I read the Bible there was a mysterious voice saying to me, "Do you not see that in the Church of Rome you do not follow the teachings of the Word of God, but only the traditions of men?" In the silent hours of the night, when I heard that voice, I wept and cried, but it was repeated with the strength of thunder. I wanted to live and die in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and I prayed to God to silence the voice, but I heard it yet still louder. When I was reading His Word He was trying to break my fetters, but I would not have my fetters broken. He came to me with His saving light, but I would not have it.

I Preached We Should Pray to Mary

I have no bad feeling against Roman Catholic priests. Some of you may think I have. You are mistaken. Sometimes I weep for them because I know that the poor men—just as I did—are fighting against the Lord, and that they are miserable as I was miserable then. If I relate to you one of the struggles of which I speak, you will understand what it is to be a Roman Catholic priest, and you will pray for them.

In Montreal there is a splendid cathedral, capable of holding 15,000 people. I used to preach there very often. One day the Bishop asked me to speak on the Virgin Mary, and I was glad to do so. I said to those people what I thought to be true then, and what the priests believe and preach everywhere. Here is the sermon I preached:

"My dear friends, when a man

has rebelled against his king, when he has committed a great crime against his emperor, does he come himself to speak to him? If he has a favour to ask from his king, dare he, under the circumstances, appear himself in his presence? No; the king would rebuke him, and would punish him. Then, what does he do? Instead of going himself he selects one of the friends of the king, some one of his officers, sometimes the sister or the mother of the king, and he puts his petition into their hands. They go and speak in favour of the guilty man. They ask his pardon, they appease his wrath, and very often the king will grant to these people the favour which he would refuse to the guilty man."

"Then," I said, "we are all sinners, we have all offended the great and mighty King, the King of Kings. We have raised rebellious colors against Him. We have trampled His laws under our feet, and surely He is angry against us. What can we do today? Shall we go ourselves with our hands filled with our iniquities? No! But, thanks to God, we have Mary the mother of Jesus, our King, at His right hand, and as a dutiful son never refuses any favour to a beloved mother, so Jesus will never refuse any favour to Mary. He has never refused any petition which she presented to Him when He was on earth. He has never rebuked His mother in any way. Where is the son who would break the heart of a loving mother, when he could rejoice her by granting her what she wants? Then I say, Jesus, the King of Kings, is not only the Son of God, but He is the Son of Mary, and loves His mother. And as He has never refused any favour of Mary when He was on earth; He will never refuse her any favour today. Then what must we do? Oh! we cannot present ourselves before the great King, covered as we are with iniquity. Let us present our petitions to His holy mother; she will go to the feet of Jesus, herself, Jesus, her God and her son, and she will surely receive the favours which she will ask; she will ask our pardon and will obtain it. She will ask a place in the Kingdom of Christ, and you will have it. She will ask from Jesus to forget your iniquities, to grant you the true repentance, and He will give you anything his mother may ask of Him."

My hearers were so happy at the idea of having such an advocate at the feet of Jesus interceding for them day and night, that they all burst into tears, and were beside themselves with joy that Mary was to ask and obtain their pardon.

I thought at the time that this was not only the religion of Christ, but that it was the religion of common sense, and that nothing could be said against it. After the sermon the Bishop came to me and blessed me, and thanked me, saying that the sermon would do great good in Montreal.

God's Spirit Uses Words of Christ to Convict

That night I went on my knees, and took my Bible, and my heart was full of joy because of the good sermon I had given in the morning. I opened and read from Matthew 12:46-50, the following words:

"While he yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then said one unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

When I had read these words there was a voice speaking to me more terrible than the voice of loud thunder, saying, "Chiniquy, you preached a lie this morning when you said that Mary had always received the favours which she had asked from Jesus. Do you not see that Mary comes to ask a favour, that is, to see her son, during whose absence she has been lonesome, and who has left her during many months to preach the Gospel?"

When Mary got to the place where Jesus was preaching, the

place was so crammed that she could not enter. What will she do? She will do what every mother would do in her place. She raises her voice and requests Him to come and see her; but while Jesus hears the voice of His mother, and with His divine eyes sees her, does He grant her petition?

No. He shuts His ears to her voice and hardens His heart against her prayer. It is a public rebuke, and she feels it keenly. The people are astonished. They are puzzled, almost scandalized. They turn to Christ, and they say to Him, "Why don't you come and speak to your mother?"

What does Jesus say? He gives no answer except this extraordinary one: "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" and, looking upon His disciples, He says: "Behold my mother my brethren, and my sisters." As for Mary, she is left alone, and publicly rebuked.

And then the voice spoke to me again with the power of thunder, telling me to read again in St. Mark 3:31-35. You will find the same incident both in Mark and in Luke 8:19-21. Instead of granting her petition, Jesus replied in such a way as to publicly rebuke His mother. And then the voice spoke to me with terrific power, telling me that Jesus, so long as He was a little boy, obeyed Joseph and His mother; but as soon as Jesus presented Himself before the world as the Son of God, as the Saviour of the world, as the great Light of humanity, then Mary had to disappear. It is to Jesus alone that the eyes of the world must be turned to receive Light and Life.

Then, my friends, the voice

people that Mary has always the power to receive from the hands of Jesus Christ the favours which she asks. This is a lie, my lord—this, I fear, is a diabolical and damning error."

The Bishop then said, "M. Chiniquy, what do you mean? Are you a Protestant?"

"No," I said, "I'm not a Protestant." (Many times I had been called a Protestant because I was so fond of the Bible.) "But I tell you, face to face, that I sincerely fear that yesterday I preached a lie, and that you, my lord, will preach one also the next time you say that we must invoke Mary, under the pretext that Jesus has never refused any favour to His mother. This is false."

The Bishop said, "M. Chiniquy, you go too far!"

"No, my lord," I said, "it is of no use to talk. Here is the Gospel; read it."

I put the Gospel into the hands of the Bishop, and he read with his own eyes what I have already quoted. My impression was that he read those words for the first time. The poor man was so much surprised that he remained mute and trembling. Finally he asked, "What does that mean?"

"Well," I said, "this is the Gospel; and here you see that Mary has come to ask from Jesus Christ a favour, and He has not only rebuked her, but has refused to consider her as His mother. He did this publicly, that we might know that Mary is the mother of Jesus as man, and not as God."

The Bishop was beside himself. He could not answer me.

I then asked to be allowed to

that He has delegated this power to Mary?"

And the Bishop answered, "No."

"Then, my lord," I asked, "why do we not go to Him, and Him alone? Why do we invite poor sinners to come to Mary, when, by your own confession, she is nothing compared with Jesus, in power, in mercy, in love, and in compassion for the sinner?"

Then the poor Bishop was as a man who is condemned to death. He trembled before me, and as he could not answer me, he pleaded business and left me. His "business" was that he could not answer me.

But I was still not converted. There were many links by which I was still tied to the feet of the Pope. There were other battles to be fought before I could break the chains which bound me.

But in those days, though I was troubled I had not lost my zeal for my Church. The Bishops had given me great power and authority, and the Pope had raised me above many others, and I had the hope, with many others, that little by little, we might reform the Church in many things.

Agrees to Obey Bishop "According to the Word of God"

In 1851 I went to Illinois to found a French colony. I took with me about 75,000 French Canadians, and settled on the magnificent prairies of Illinois, to take possession in the name of the Church of Rome. After I had begun my great work of colonization I became a rich man. I bought many Bibles and gave one to almost every family. The Bishop was very angry at me for this, but I did not care. I had no idea of giving up the Church of Rome, but I wanted to guide my people as well as I could in the way in which Christ wanted me to lead them.

Now the Bishop of Chicago did a thing at that time which we Frenchmen could not tolerate. It was a great crime, and I wrote to the Pope and got him dismissed. Another Bishop was sent in his place, who deputed his Grand Vicar to visit me.

The Grand Vicar said to me, "M. Chiniquy, we are very glad that you have got the former Bishop dismissed, for he was a bad man; but it is suspected in many places that you are no more in the Church of Rome. It is suspected that you are a heretic and a Protestant. Will you not give us a document by which we can prove to all the world that you and your people are still good Roman Catholics?"

I said, "I have no objection." He rejoined, "It is the desire of the new Bishop, whom the Pope has sent, to have such a document from you."

I then took a piece of paper—and it seemed to me that this was a golden opportunity to silence the voice which was speaking to me day and night and troubling my faith. I wanted to persuade myself by this means that in the Roman Catholic Church we were really following the Word of God, and not merely "traditions of men." I wrote down these very words:

"My lord, we French Canadians of the colony of Illinois want to live in the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, out of which there is no salvation, and to prove this to your lordship we promise to obey your authority according to the Word of God, as we find it in the Gospel of Christ."

I signed that and offered it to my people to sign, and they did. I then gave it to the Grand Vicar, and asked him what he thought of it. He said, "It is just what we want." He assured me that the Bishop would accept it, and all would be right.

When the Bishop had read the submission, he too found it right, and with tears of joy said: "I am so glad that you have made your submission, because we were in fear that you and your people would turn Protestants."

My friends, to show you my blindness, I must confess to my shame, that I was glad to have made my peace with the Bishop, a man, when I was not yet at peace with God. The Bishop gave me a "letter of peace," by which he declared that I was one of his best priests, and I went back to my countrymen with the determination

(Continued on page 7)

Men 6 feet tall are too big

"I'm 5 feet 7. Those big 6-footers push me around. Everybody ought to be my size or smaller . . . except, of course, when there's a war on, then I want the 6-footers around so they can fight."

Such talk is no more foolish than some of the planners who say companies above this or that size are too big. Those same planners are very glad indeed for the big companies today, without which we couldn't win a war. And they're glad for the jobs the big companies provide, the research for better products only big concerns can afford, the constantly lower prices which big competitors (left alone) can bring.

No company (nor man) wants to be small. It's the urge to get big that brings benefits from which the public gets the lion's share.

Destroy big companies and you wreck America.

spoke to me all the night: "Chiniquy, Chiniquy, you have told a lie this morning, and you were preaching a lot of fables and nonsense; and you preach against the Scriptures when you say that Mary has the power to grant any favour from Jesus." I prayed and I wept, and it was a sleepless night with me.

The Bishop Was Confounded!

The next morning I went to table with the Bishop-Prince, the coadjutor, who had invited me to breakfast.

He said to me, "M. Chiniquy, you look like a man who has spent the night in tears. What is the matter with you?"

I said, "My lord, you are correct. I am desolate above measure."

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh! I cannot tell you here," I said. "Will you please give me one hour in your room alone? I will tell you a mystery which will puzzle you."

After breakfast I went out with him and said:

"Yesterday you paid me a great compliment because of the sermon in which I proved that Jesus had always granted the petitions of His mother. But, my lord, last night I heard another voice, stronger than yours, and my trouble is that I believe that voice is the voice of God. That voice has told me that we Roman Catholic priests and bishops preach a falsehood every time we say to the

put him a few questions. I said, "My lord, who has saved you and saved me upon the cross?"

He answered, "Jesus Christ."

"And who paid your debts and mine by shedding His blood; was it Mary or Jesus?"

He said, "Jesus Christ."

"Now, my lord, when Jesus and Mary were on earth, who loved the sinner more; was it Mary or Jesus?"

And again he answered that it was Jesus.

"Did any sinner come to Mary on earth to be saved?"

"No."

"Do you remember that any sinner has gone to Jesus to be saved?"

"Yes, many."

"Have they been rebuked?"

"Never."

"Do you remember that Jesus ever said to sinners, 'Come to Mary and she will save you'?"

"No," he said.

"Do you remember that Jesus said to poor sinners, 'Come unto me'?"

"Yes, He has said it."

"Has He ever retracted those words?"

"No!"

"And who was, then, the more powerful to save sinners?" I asked.

"Oh! it was Jesus!"

"Now, my lord, since Jesus and Mary are now in Heaven, can you show me in the Scriptures that Jesus has lost anything of His desire and power to save sinners, or

The Gift

(Continued from page 6)

nation to remain there. But God looked down upon me in His mercy, and He was to break that peace which was peace with man and not with God.

But "According to the Word of God" Not Pleasing to Rome

The Bishop, after my departure, went to the telegraph office and telegraphed my submission to the other bishops, and asked them what they thought of it. They unanimously answered him the very same day: "Do you not see that Chiniquy is a disguised Protestant, and he has made a Protestant of you? It is not to you that he makes submission; he makes his submission to the Word of God. If you do not destroy that submission you are a Protestant yourself."

Ten days later I received a letter from the Bishop, and when I went to him he asked me if I had the "letter of peace" he had given me the other day. I produced it, and when he saw it was that letter, he ran to his stove and threw it into the fire. I was astonished. I rushed to the fire to save my letter, but it was too late. It was destroyed.

Then I turned to the Bishop, and I said, "How dare you, my lord, take from my hand a document which is my property, and destroy it without my consent?"

He replied, "M. Chiniquy, I am your superior, and I have no account to give you."

"You are indeed, my lord, my superior, and I am nothing but a poor priest, but there is a great God who is as much above you as above me, and that God has granted me rights which I will never give up to please any man; in the

presence of that God I protest against your iniquity."

"Well," he said, "do you come here to give me a lecture?"

I replied, "No, my lord; but I want to know if you brought me here to insult me?"

"M. Chiniquy," he said, "I brought you here because you gave me a document which you know very well was not an act of submission."

Then I answered, "Tell me, what act of submission do you require of me?"

He said, "You must begin by taking away these few words 'according to the Word of God, as we find it in the Gospel of Christ,' and say simply that you promise to obey my authority without any condition; that you will promise to do whatever I tell you."

Then I got to my feet, and I said, "My lord, what you require of me is not an act of submission, but an act of adoration, and I refuse it to you."

"Then," said he, "if you cannot give me that act of submission, you cannot any longer be a Roman Catholic priest."

I raised my hands to God, and said, "May Almighty God be forever blessed," and I took my hat and left the Bishop.

I went to the hotel where I had engaged a room, and locked the door behind me. I fell on my knees to examine what I had done in the presence of God. Then I saw, for the first time clearly, that the Church of Rome could not be the Church of Christ. I had learned the terrible truth, not from the lips of Protestants, not from her enemies, but from the lips of the Church of Rome herself. I saw that I could not remain in it except by giving up the Word of God in a formal document. Then I saw that I had done well to give up the Church of Rome. But oh!

It seemed that God was far away, but He was very near. Sud-

denly the thought entered my mind: "You have your Gospel; read it, and you will find the light." On my knees, and with trembling hand, I opened the book. Not I, but God opened it, for my eyes fell on I Corinthians 7:23: "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men."

Father Chiniquy Trusts Christ; Is Saved

With tears I cried to God to show me the way, but for a time, no answer was vouchsafed. I had given up the Church of Rome; I had given up position, honour, my brothers and sisters, everything that was dear to me! I saw that the Pope, the Bishops, and the priests would attack me in the press, and in the pulpit. I saw that they would take away my honour and my name—and perhaps my life. I saw that war to the death was begun between the Church of Rome and me, and I looked to see if any friends had been left to me to help me fight the battle, but not a single friend remained. I saw that even my dearest friends were bound to curse me, and look upon me as an infamous traitor. I saw that my people would reject me, that my beloved country, where I had so many friends, would curse me, and that I had become an object of horror to the world.

Then I tried to remember if I had some friends amongst the Protestants, but as I had spoken and written against them all my life, I had not a single friend there. I saw that I was left all alone to fight the battle. It was too much, and in that terrible hour, if God had not wrought a miracle, I should not have been able to bear it. It seemed impossible for me to go out from that room into the cold world, where I should not find a single hand to shake my hand, or a single smiling face to look upon me, but where I should see only those looking upon me as a traitor.

It seemed that God was far away, but He was very near. Sud-

denly the thought entered my mind: "You have your Gospel; read it, and you will find the light." On my knees, and with trembling hand, I opened the book. Not I, but God opened it, for my eyes fell on I Corinthians 7:23: "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men."

With these words the light came to me, and for the first time I saw the great mystery of salvation, as much as man can see it. I said to myself, "Jesus has bought me; then, if Jesus has bought me, He has saved me; I am saved! Jesus is my God! All the works of God are perfect! I am, then, perfectly saved—Jesus could not save me by half. I am saved in the blood of the Lamb; I am saved by the death of Jesus."

And these words were so sweet to me that I felt unspeakable joy, as if the fountains of life were open and floods of new light were flowing in upon my soul. I said to myself, "I am not saved, as I thought, by going to Mary; I am not saved by purgatory, or by indulgences, confessions or penances, I am saved by Jesus alone!" And all the false doctrines of Rome went away from my mind as falls a tower which is struck at the base.

I then felt such a joy, such a peace, that the angels of God could not be more happy than I was. The blood of the Lamb was flowing on my poor guilty soul. With a loud cry of joy I said, "Oh! dear Jesus, I feel it, I know it; Thou hast saved me! Oh! Gift of God, I accept Thee! Take my heart and keep it forever Thine. Gift of God, abide in me to make me pure and strong; abide in me to be my way, my light, and my life; grant that I may abide in Thee now and forever! But, dear Jesus, do not save me alone; save my people; grant me to show them the Gift also! Oh! that they may

accept Thee and feel rich and happy as I am now."

It was thus I found the Light and the great mystery of our salvation, which is so simple and so beautiful, so sublime and so grand. I had opened the hands of my soul and accepted the gift. I was rich in the gift. Salvation, my friends, is a gift; you have nothing to do but to accept it, love it, and love the Giver. I pressed the Gospel to my lips, and swore I would never preach anything but Jesus.

The Church Goes With Chiniquy for Christ

I arrived in the midst of my colony on a Sabbath morning. The whole people were exceeding excited and ran towards me, and asked what news. When they were gathered in the church, I presented to them what God had presented to me, His Son Jesus as a gift—and, through Jesus, the pardon of my sins, and life eternal as a gift.

(Continued on page 10)

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The Double Curse on Booze

(Continued from page 1)

es used for the Lord's Supper was intoxicating wine. In fact, the Scripture takes particular pains not to call it wine, but instead calls it "the cup," and "the fruit of the vine." So the Lord seems to have specially guarded against being misunderstood on this point. However, if He had used the word *wine* it might have meant unfermented wine, that is, simply grape-juice.

I. God's Curse on Drinkers

Tonight I call your attention to the double curse of God on booze.

First, there is a curse on the drunkard. Who is a drunkard? When is a man drunk? Many a man, after he has been arrested for killing somebody with his car, or after a fatal accident, says to the judge, "Why, Judge, I only had two or three beers. I wasn't drunk." He couldn't drive well, couldn't see well. He couldn't get his foot on the brake as quickly as he ought to; he was not as reliable a driver under the influence of liquor. But he said he wasn't drunk. Because he wasn't unconscious or wasn't in a stupor, he thinks he wasn't drunk.

When is a man drunk? When a man has drunk, he is drunk. Anybody who drinks beverage alcohol in any degree is somewhat affected by it, and so he is drunk to that degree. A man can get more drunk than he already is. He can drink until he is drunk, then he can drink until he is more drunk, then he can drink until he is unconscious and can't drink any more. A man can drink until a certain percentage of alcohol gets into the blood and stops the motor responses so that he quits breathing and dies. Now, that is a little more drunk than he was while he was breathing. Yet he is still drunk.

There is no way one can make a law and say when a man has passed a certain point, then he is drunk. Any man who drinks alcohol has some alcohol content in the blood that affects his nerve reaction, his muscular co-ordination, his mind, his disposition. And so the man is in some measure drunk.

You know that the word *drunk* is part of the verb to *drink*—drink, drank, drunk; or, drink, drank, drunken. A drunkard is a man who drinks. Anybody who drinks any alcoholic liquor is under the influence of it, is affected by it, and to that degree is drunk.

If it takes eight glasses of beer to make a man drunk (it takes less than that for some people) then the man who has one glass is one-eighth drunk. The man who has two glasses is one-fourth drunk. And no man one-fourth drunk is safe as an engineer of a passenger train, safe to drive an automobile down the road, or safe to handle a steam shovel, or a drill press, or a welding torch. No girl who is one-fourth drunk is safe in the presence of sex temptation. The man who would not gamble without drinking, will gamble when he is one-fourth drunk. And the man who never intended to take more than two glasses of beer can be tempted to take more when he is already one-fourth drunk!

You see, one lie is not as bad as eight lies, but it is still a lie! And a man with one glass of beer in his system may not be in as great a danger as the man with eight glasses of beer in his system, but he is still drunk enough to kill somebody with his car, drunk enough to say things he would not say if he were sober, drunk enough to make the wrong decisions, drunk enough to take another drink if the temptation comes strongly. What would sound profane a few minutes ago now sounds funny. The suggestion that was indecent sometime ago now seems, to the brain which is beginning to be stupefied by a very small amount of alcohol, to be very reasonable.

The man who drinks would commit adultery under the influence of liquor when he would not commit the same sin sober. The girl who drinks will permit familiarities and enter into sin that would make her shudder if she were sober. The higher brain centers

that control moral sense and responsibility are deadened first by alcohol.

Then muscular control begins to slacken. A man cannot see accurately. Tests show that a man with two glasses of beer is not nearly as good a marksman with a rifle as before he drank. The man with two or three glasses of beer in his stomach begins to be a very unsafe driver. He may feel that he drives better, but actually he drives much worse. He has no sense of danger, no sense of moral responsibility, but his foot is slower on the pedal and his hand is slower on the steering wheel.

The truth is, the first glass of liquor has the same kind of alcohol that the eighth glass has.

Somebody remarks, "But, Brother Rice, it is only 3.2 beer." Well, don't take that too seriously. Anybody who makes beer is a law-breaker. One who doesn't mind breaking hearts, and breaking homes, and making paupers and harlots and drunkards and damning souls, wouldn't mind breaking the law. The whisky business, the beer business, the wine business has down through the years been run by lawbreakers who would bribe legislators, who would sell to minors against the law, who would be open at illegal hours, who would do anything to make more money. Don't trust the conscience nor the good citizenship of any one who is in the business of making drunkards. He doesn't have much of a conscience, for he would do most anything for money.

So don't put too much stock in the fact that it is just 3.2 beer you have down here in West Virginia. Many a man, if he can, gets by by making it five per cent or six per cent, if he can sell more of it. A man who would sell 3.2 beer to damn souls, would sell six per cent beer to damn more souls, if he could get more money out of it. So don't ever trust anybody who is in the business of making money out of human misery.

When a man drinks beer, he learns to want the alcohol in liquor, or more effect, as he says; so he drinks whisky or rum or something else that has more alcohol to it than does beer. It is not whether you call it beer, whether you call it wine, whether you call it whisky. Beverage alcohol is a hateful, wicked thing with the curse of God on it because it makes drunkards and brings all the train of evils that go with it.

The Woe of Poverty Caused By Drink

Now what are some of the curses of God on the drunkard? Listen to Proverbs 23:21:

"For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

What is the curse on the drunkard? Poverty. I need not prove that. How many of you here ever knew somebody who was poor because of liquor?

In the second grade at school I had my first love affair! I fell in love with Miss Mabel Blossom, my second grade teacher! One day Miss Mabel said to the class, "All you children but Sammy will have to stay in today. Sammy, you have been a good boy. You may go home on time. Get your lunch bucket, your cap and coat, and go on home. Good-by, Sammy. I am going to keep the rest of the class in."

Sammy left. When the door was closed, Miss Mabel got off her rostrum, walked down near us, stood there with tears in her eyes as she said, "Children, some of you haven't been very nice to Sammy. You don't like to play with him. You have nice lunch baskets, while he brings his lunch—if he has anything at all—in a lard pail. Your Mother fixes your hair nice. You little girls have nice starched dresses; you little boys have white blouses and clean pants, but little Sammy only wears dirty old patched overalls." She said, "Children, I want to tell you something. Sammy is not to blame. His father is a drunkard, and Sammy's mother does the best she can. They

don't have money a lot of the time. Sammy can't bring any lunch some days. So don't you be mean to Sammy. He can't help it if his father drinks."

I have never gotten away from that. Here is a little boy who didn't have lunches like the rest of us. Our family was very poor, but we always had clothes enough, and they were always clean. We came with our hair combed and looked nice. We were well cared for. But Sammy, with a drinking father, couldn't have nice clothes; he didn't have enough to eat, and he went barefoot in the winter-time. I was impressed then with the thing I have wept over I guess a thousand times since—the poverty of wives and little children who suffer because of a husband or daddy who is a drunkard.

Many of you have known such cases. Sometimes the wife took in washing or did other hard work to try to make a living because the husband and father was a drunkard.

Once while I was preaching in a certain city, I believe in North Carolina, a preacher friend pointed out to me a certain man, now an old bum. There was a stubble of beard on his face unshaven; his clothes were dirty and unpressed; his hair long; his eyes bloodshot. He had on a dirty old slouch hat. "Do you have any idea who that man is?" he asked me. Of course I didn't know. "That is Senator So and So who used to represent this state in the United States Senate. But drink brought him down. It made him lose votes; he couldn't attend to his business, then when he tried to run his law office, he couldn't get clients. Now he is just an old drunken bum."

You would be surprised to find if you had been where I have been—in the Evansville Rescue Mis-

The man, this drunken man, was a good mechanic. He sold lots of gasoline through his fuel pumps. But he never stayed sober long enough to make a good living. Nearly everything he had went for liquor.

Once during the revival campaign that man stood against the corner of the garage and heard me preach. I prayed for God to reach his heart. The next night he again stood there and listened. The third night Dad persuaded him to come over and stand by the corner of the tent. He had no clothes but overalls, so he would not come into the tent. That night at the invitation, my father, with his arms around him, led him to Christ. He was wonderfully saved.

Isn't it wonderful what God can do for a drunkard? Isn't it wonderful what He can do for a sinner?

Then the man buckled down to work. I went by to see him. When people found he was sober, they began to bring their cars to him, for he was a genuine mechanic. He could fix anything. He had plenty of work.

One day a truck backed up to that old garage and a Singer sewing machine was unloaded. The woman began making clothes. A few days later she came to me and said, "Brother Rice, we've rented a three-room house! It has a sink, running water and electric lights, and gas to cook with. We are moving there tomorrow."

The next day the moving truck loaded the little trinkets. A pick-up truck could haul all they had. They put in the sewing machine, the bed springs, a few old quilts, and a broken-down chair or two, took them over to the house, and they started housekeeping.

Yes, poverty, trouble, broken homes, pale-faced widows, and lit-

Listen, the girl who marries a man who drinks is looking for poverty and heartbreak, and she will get it. The Scripture makes it clear there will be quarrels and trouble for the man who drinks. You know that. Oh, little children born in a drunkard's home are cursed before they are born. Poverty is the curse of a drinker.

The Curse of Contention, Quarrels, Goes With Drink

Let me read again in Proverbs 23, beginning with verse 29:

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? [You know who has contentions, don't you? In the home where there has been drinking.] who hath babbling? [silly talk] who hath wounds without cause? [got into a fight] who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Who is it that hath contentions, woe, babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry at the wine.

What a fascination there is about alcoholic drink! The sense of luxury, of expensive, bubbling champagne! The hilarity of the cocktail party! The pleasant warmth of the toddy, the stimulation of brandy, the convivial sociability of beer!

Fortified by liquor, the timid man becomes bold. The wallflower becomes, she thinks, the wittiest conversationalist! After a few drinks, every joke is funny, every remark is brilliant, the casual stranger becomes a bosom friend. Sorrows are forgotten for the moment. Conscience troubles no more. Marriage ties, holy vows, honest responsibilities—these all lose their hold under the influence of drink. So one seems to be more carefree. People seem friendlier, life seems gayer. Satan offers many attractions in alcoholic drink.

In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, one night my daughter Grace, Miss Viola and I went for a snack after the service. As we started back to the hotel two drunks came alongside us. One came up close—he wanted to talk. I said, "Now get away; don't bother us." But he put his hand on my shoulder, then I said, "If you don't take your hand off, I'll knock you down. I will not put up with it."

Many a man gets his face bashed in when he is drinking because he can't behave. Nobody is safe company who drinks. A drunkard hasn't any sense about treating people right and keeping the peace. How can a man expect a wife to live with him in peace? You can put it down that drink brings wounds without cause, brings contentions and quarrels. Drink brings broken homes. How many divorces are brought about by booze! That is part of the curse God has put on the drunkard. "Woe to the drunkard," the Bible says.

And I want to lay on your hearts how wicked it is to expect to do a decent day's work or to bear any responsibility when you have already sold out part of your brain. I say, a man doesn't have control of himself.

The Curse Of Deadened Moral Sensibilities

And then the curse on the drinker is that the man's eyes and brain are deadened first. Somebody may say, "Alcohol is a stimulant." No, primarily alcohol is a narcotic. That is the reason after awhile a man goes to sleep if he drinks. It tends to dull the nerves. It tends to dull the sensibility. Alcohol first stupefies the higher brain centers.

In Gainesville, Texas, where I lived when I was a boy, people would sometimes get drunk, then go out to the sidewalk and say, "If I can walk this line in the sidewalk, I'm not too drunk to go home." If they could walk that line, they were still all right.

But long before that a man is drunk at the top end. Long before he cannot walk a line he is unfit to run a bus, unfit to be a

(Continued on page 9)

Purchasing Power

LET'S say you have a big lawn, and pay teen-age Joe \$5 for cutting it by hand-mower. It takes him all day and is hard work. So you buy a \$100 power mower.

Joe can now do the lawn in less time with less muscle power.

Does Joe do a little bit better job in return for the machine?

Not a bit. In fact he demands more money; says "the movies and candy stores need more business and I want to buy more, to spread work and purchasing power!"

Since \$5 is already more than the lawn is worth to you, to say nothing of your \$100 machine, you plant the lawn in ivy, and Joe is out of a job and there is a Depression.

sion, in the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, in the Bowery Mission in New York City, in the Mel Trotter Mission in Grand Rapids—how many university graduates, how many business executives, how many lawyers and doctors and men of good position have, because of drink, come to want and to where they couldn't hold a job, couldn't take care of their families and who came to abject poverty, came to picking up cigarette butts off the streets and knocking at back doors for a handout. Yes, "the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."

Years ago in Decatur, Texas, I held a revival campaign. My father, in a Chevrolet car, hooked on to the block and tackle and pulled up the eight-hundred-pound tent center poles. Some men helped me drive the stakes; we put up the big tent and held a revival.

On one corner of the same block was a garage. In that garage lived a drunkard with his family. Though it was during prohibition days, yet he was a drunkard. One day as I went into the back of that garage, I saw some bed springs, not a mattress, just the springs with a couple of quilts on them. That was the sleeping place of the two boys of the family. The only wall or partition was a sheet which was hung on a string. This cut off that greasy, dirty part of the floor of the garage from the public workshop. That was the only home for that family of four. Each of the children had only one pair of faded, dirty, dingy blue overalls. His wife had no change of clothing. They were in the barest scrapings of poverty.

the children without shoes in the winter are a natural picture of what inevitably comes when people go on in drink. Broken homes, broken hearts are the results of drink. The roses leave the bride's cheeks. With a broken heart she holds on as long as she can. Cold houses, ill-clad children, curses and beating, no money with which to buy food, are her lot. After awhile she gives up. Then other women come in. A man who drinks has no sense, no loyalty, no character. Everything is gone. Oh, the curse of God is on liquor.

The way drunkenness brings poverty and a ruined home and life is well expressed by Talmage:

"It takes everything that is sacred in the family, everything that is holy in religion, everything that is infinite in the soul, and tramples it into the mire."

The marriage day has come. The happy pair at the altar. The music sounds. The gay lights flash. The feet bound up and down the drawing room. Started on a bright voyage of life. Sails all up. The wind is abait. You prophesy everything beautiful.

But the scene changes. A dingy garret. No fire. On a broken chair sits a sorrowing woman. Her last hope gone. Poor, disgraced, trodden underfoot—she knows the despair of being a drunkard's wife. The gay barque that danced off on the marriage morning has become a battered hulk, dismasted and shipwrecked. "Oh," she says, "he was as good a man as ever lived. He was so kind, so generous—no one better did God ever create than he; but the drink! The drink did it!"

Talmage

The Double Curse on Booze

(Continued on page 8)

railroad engineer, unfit to drive a plane, unfit to drive on the highway, unfit to take a girl to the movies, unfit to date a decent woman, because the man part is now stupified and drunk. The beast part is still there; the animal part can still walk and use his hands. A man is pretty far gone even before he cannot see straight, pretty far gone before he cannot hold a cup of water without spilling it. Liquor attacks the top part first.

Now the truth is though you may still be able to stand on your legs, your brain has been cooked pretty well with alcohol. This is the principle on which all medicine is used. There is one kind of chemical, one kind of drug that will go to one part of the body, and have an effect there while another kind of chemical or drug will go to another part of the body and have an effect there. For example, some drugs will affect the liver. Other drugs will affect the heart such as digitalis, or nitroglycerin tablets. Some drugs will stimulate the gastric juices.

Now there are several kinds of alcohol. Wood alcohol goes immediately to the optic-nerves. And many people are temporarily if not permanently blinded from drinking wood alcohol. Rubbing alcohol is poisonous and so sometimes kills people. Each kind of alcohol has an affinity for certain parts of the body.

The alcohol in beer, whisky and wine, which is sometimes grain alcohol, soaks into the brain and some of it is actually absorbed into the brain. It goes first into the blood, and of course is carried to the brain. In the highest centers of control, I mean where conscience is, one is drunk first. The brain relaxes control in the area of moral inhibitions. I mean the part that inhibits and says, "Go easy. Remember you are your mother's boy. Remember your reputation." The part that says to a woman, "Remember, you are a wife and mother," or to a nice sweet girl, "Remember, you are a pure girl"—that part dies first. It takes but a few spoonfuls of alcohol to deaden that part.

Now what do you have? Give a woman who is quiet and modest just one or two drinks and now she is loud-talking, laughing at her own jokes, patting everybody on the back. Now she is not careful to arrange her skirt, not concerned if her hair is ruffled and unkempt. I am just saying that it is a terrible curse of liquor at the top part, the brain, the finer instincts. The civilized person, the cultured person, the person who takes responsibility is the part that gets drunk first. The higher centers of the brain become anesthetized, become narcotized first and so one can't control himself. Alcohol goes first to the higher centers of the brain and then to certain areas that control sex functions so then a man's sex desires increase, but his control, the thing that makes him talk softly and like a gentleman, is gone. Now he will talk loud and coarse and vulgar and swear and insult women. He can still walk straight. He can still drive his car, but the gentleman part gets drunk before the rest of him does. What is left is the brute part. But the brain part, the gentleman part, is the first part that gets drunk. I want you to remember that. That part that tells the truth is affected first by alcohol. The higher quality of mind and character first gets drunk.

I warn you now: as certain as there is a God in Heaven, when you take liquor in your mouth, you risk everything sacred, everything pure, everything holy, everything valuable! A curse of God is on the one who drinks.

Liquor and Lewdness, Drink and Adultery

Another curse of liquor is a curse of sex desire. It is many times mentioned in the Bible. Let me read it again here in Habakkuk 2:15, 16:

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness! Thou art

filled with shame for glory: drink thou also, and let thy foreskin be uncovered: the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory."

Evidently it was known in Bible times that drunkenness made people take off their clothes and be immoral. There was Noah, a good man, God said that he, his wife, his three sons and their wives, were the only ones of his entire generation worth saving. So God killed the whole race except them. Noah was a good man, one who walked with God. God spared him. But after he got out of the ark he planted a vineyard and then he made wine and got drunk. Do not say that he was intentionally bad, for he was not. But Noah got drunk. And the Bible tells in Genesis, chapter 9, how he lay naked in his tent. There, drunk and naked, his boy looked on him and laughed and laughed. Others, ashamed, came and covered their drunken dad, lying naked in the tent and not caring. That is what happens when people drink.

Turn to the nineteenth chapter of Genesis and we have the story of Lot. The wicked city of Sodom was destroyed and Lot and his two daughters were taken out of the city and dwelt in a cave in the mountains. Lot had wine in the cave. And his two daughters talked among themselves and said, "It looks as if all the men in the world are killed, all the boys we knew, and we are going to turn out to be old maids, and not have a family. So let's make Dad drunk." And they got the old man to drink wine and then, under the influence of the wine, they each lay with their father and conceived through this wicked incest. And both of them became unmarried mothers.

That tragic story is an eternal indictment against liquor. Don't tell me that wine is better than whisky, when wine is the kind of drink that will make a man like Lot so that he hasn't any sensibility, so his conscience is seared, so the sense of his own decency is gone. Now, drunken and committing incest with his own daughters, Liquor does that!

Now what part of a man gets drunk first? The pilot, that part that is the control; the part that holds the reins, that guides the steering, that controls the passions and keeps a man or woman straight. I say, drunkenness leads to adultery, leads to nakedness, leads to lewdness.

In Exodus is the story of the Ten Commandments, given by God to Moses upon Mount Sinai. When Moses and Joshua came down off the mountain they heard music and shouting. When they got down they found the people had said to Aaron, "Make us gods to worship," and gave him earrings and bracelets. So Aaron molded a golden calf and they worshipped it. Exodus 32:6 says:

"And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings: and the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play."

After they drank, what happened? God's Word tells us in Exodus 32:25:

"And when Moses saw that the people were naked; (for Aaron had made them naked unto their shame among their enemies . . .)"

Now why is it when people drink that they do not mind pulling off their clothes? Do not mind cursing and blaspheming? Why is it when people drink they have no respect for God, no respect for womanhood, no care about little children? When a man drinks, why is it that he does not care whether his children have food or not? When a woman drinks, why is it that she does not mind leaving her babies shut up in a cold house while she goes to a tavern and spends the night drinking with soldiers and others? There is something horrible in the drink that steals away the brain, steals away the conscience, takes away modesty, takes away holy impulses in the mind and heart!

Listen, I care not whether you are the best man or woman in

the world, the most respected, how much you love God, how virtuous your mind, how true your conscience; you take a few drinks and that sense is gone. One cannot be trusted who drinks. You cannot be trusted to drive a car. You cannot be trusted with another man's wife. You cannot be trusted to pay your honest debts. You cannot be trusted to take care of your children.

It does not take eight glasses of beer to make you drunk. When you drink the first glass, you are one-eighth drunk. And that first glass goes to your head. The last glass may make you so your legs will wobble. The last glass may make you so you will go to sleep in a drunken stupor. But the first glass is the part that destroys the fine appreciation, the inhibition that keeps you from doing wrong, the sense of responsibility that makes you bring home your pay check, makes you take care of your children. That part that makes you respect virtue, that makes you tell the truth, makes you keep out of crime—that part is dead first, doped first, cursed first. God said, "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim." Woe to the drunkard! What is that what happens when people drink?

Now what I am saying is that liquor stirs sex appetite and leads people to do what they would not otherwise do. That is why bawdy houses used to be in the second story above saloons. And that is why liquor and immorality go regularly together now. There is much more like that in the Bible.

In Proverbs, chapter 23, the Scripture says:

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red Thine eyes shall behold strange women [foreign women or harlot women, not your own wife, so therefore strange to you], and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

A man who was loyal to his wife, now becomes a whoremonger. A man who was decent in his language, now when he drinks a little, is profane and lewd. Why? The higher centers are affected first with liquor, and the man who was moral becomes immoral. Sex passion is stirred by alcohol. The man who was first a decent man becomes of unusual sex passion and desire, and is led into sin. "Thine eyes shall behold strange women." It will be with you as it was with Lot and with many others.

What is the curse on the drunkard? "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim." What is the curse besides poverty, besides quarrels and trouble and broken homes?

The Drinker Is Enslaved By Drink

A man then becomes a slave to drink. One of the most pitiful things is that a man who drinks and drinks cannot quit. Somebody will be like that drunken barber in Chicago. His wife stayed with him though she went through hell on earth because her husband couldn't pass drink by. He would promise her that he would quit, but he couldn't quit. The next day he would be dead drunk.

One day their little girl fell sick and the anxious wife pleaded, "Call the doctor." They called the doctor and he informed them that the little one must have medicine right away, and he wrote out a prescription. The wife asked the husband to get the medicine and to come right back. She had saved up some money. "If I give you the money, will you get the medicine and hurry back?" "Yes," he said. So she gave him the prescription and money. He went down towards the drugstore, but on the way he passed a saloon. His appetite overpowered him so that he didn't get back for more than a day. The money was spent on drink. When he did come back the little girl had died, and was in the coffin.

Of course he was brokenhearted. His grief was overwhelming. He stood in the front room by that little casket, looked on his little darling—dead because he didn't get back with the medicine—and

wept. But even beside her coffin he became thirsty for drink. "Oh, this sorrow! If I could drown it in drink, I wouldn't be so miserable!" he reasoned with himself. Some neighbors had bought the baby some pretty little red shoes and dressed her for the funeral. He saw those little shoes on his precious baby, then slipped them off, put them in his pocket, went down to the bartender and traded them for a drink!

A man becomes enslaved. One such man said to me, "Brother Rice, there is no use of my making any promises. Before my wife and mother I opened a vein, took a pen and dipped it in the blood and signed a pledge in my own blood and swore I would never taste liquor again. But in twenty-four hours I was drunk."

In Amarillo, Texas, I preached one night to a great crowd in a tabernacle. After the service four of us preachers went back to the Capitol Hotel to talk and pray. The phone rang. A man's voice said, "I want somebody to talk and pray for me. I am a poor sinner who needs help." We told him to come on down to our room. He came and said, "Gentlemen, I am drunk, but I need God. I sure wish somebody would pray for me." We tried to show this twenty-six-year-old man how to be saved from the Scriptures. Then we knelt together and prayed.

I prayed, another preacher prayed, this man prayed. Oh, what a brokenhearted prayer! He pleaded, "O God, I want to be a good boy like my mother wanted me to be. Lord, you know last year I made \$26,000 selling life insurance. I cheated the government out of income tax on half of it. O God, I have been awfully sinful. But won't You forgive me?" He had tried to commit suicide by jumping out of a third-story window. His wife had left him because he couldn't let liquor alone. He had spent weeks in a hospital; now he was down here to pray. We asked God to save him, and I believe God did.

Then after he had trusted Christ as Saviour, one of the preachers said to him, "I would make up my mind with all the willpower of my soul that I would never touch liquor again at any cost."

That man looked at us with the most pitiful look and said, "I don't have any willpower anymore! I once did, but I don't now. It will take something besides willpower." Thank God for a Christ who can fix a fellow who can't fix himself!

Yes, one becomes a slave to drink. I saw a man in his own home, with his wife beside him weeping—I saw that man put his head in his hands, shake it and say, "Brother Rice, my wife doesn't believe it. She thinks I don't care. She thinks I don't love God, nor her, nor the boys. But oh, if I could just get hold of myself! I wish I would never taste it again. I don't want to." Many a man is enslaved by drink.

But I bring you good news. Bless God, the Lord Jesus came to set the captive free. He came to fix the man who can't fix himself.

How many times I have seen him put a home back together, put a man back in his job, make it so a man can make a living again for his children. I have seen

God make it so a man could have control of himself again. But the terrible thing is that it makes a slave out of a man so that he can't leave it alone. That is part of the curse of the drunkard. "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim." Woe to the drunkard! The curses on the drunkard!

The Woe of Hell for Drunkards

Then there is another thing—the worst curse of all on the drunkard. I read to you from I Corinthians 6:9 and 10:

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortions, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Drunkards . . . shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

My friend, that is a terrible curse. A drunkard's home is a place where there probably are no carpets on the floor. It may be a home that is a hell on earth. It may be a home where children hide when Dad comes in at night. It may be a place where the roses leave the bride's cheek and love flies out the window. It may be a place where once happiness reigned; now there is nothing but sadness. It may be a place where once there were endearing terms and sweet caresses; now there are hot and bitter words and sharp tongues and broken hearts.

I say, a drunkard's home means something. A drunkard's grave has a definite meaning, too. It will be in the poorer part of the cemetery or it may be in the pauper's ground, the potter's field. But a drunkard's hell has a definite meaning, too. The Bible says that the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God. How many people go to Hell because they drink! I don't mean God can't save a drunkard. The next verses says, "And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified."

(Continued on page 11)

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The Gift

(Continued from page 7)

Then, not knowing whether they would receive the gift or not, I said to them: "It is time for me to go away from you, my friends. I have left the Roman Catholic Church forever. I have taken the gift of Christ, but I respect you too much to impose myself on

you; if you think it is better for you to follow the Pope than to follow Christ, and to invoke the name of Mary than the name of Jesus, in order to be saved, tell it to me by rising up."

To my exceeding great surprise the whole multitude remained in their seats, filling the church with their sobs and tears. I thought some of them would tell me to go, but not one did so. And as I watched I saw a change come over

them—a marvelous change, which cannot be explained in natural ways—and I said to them, with a cry of joy:

"The mighty God who saved me yesterday can save you today. With me you will cross the Red Sea and go into the Promised Land. With me you will accept the great gift—you will be happy and rich in the gift. I will put the question to you in another way. If you think

it is better for you to follow Christ than the Pope, to invoke the name of Jesus alone than the name of Mary, that it is better to put your trust only in the blood of the Lamb shed on the cross for your sins, than in the fabulous purgatory of Rome, after your death to be saved; and if you think it is better for you to have me preach to you the pure Gospel of Christ, than to have a priest preach to you the doctrines of Rome, tell it to me by rising up—I am your man!"

And all, without a single exception, rose to their feet, and, with tears, asked me to remain with them.

The Gift, the great, the unspeakable Gift had, for the first time, come before their eyes in its beauty; they had found it precious; they had accepted it; and no words can tell you the joy of that multitude. Like myself they felt rich and happy in the Gift. The names of one thousand souls, I believe, were written in the Book of Life that day. Six months later we were two thousand converts; a year later we were about four thousand! And now we are nearly twenty-five thousand who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The news spread quickly all over America, and even in France and England—that Chiniquy, the best-known priest of Canada, had left the Church of Rome, at the head of a noble band of men. And wherever it was said, the name of Jesus was blessed, and I hope you will bless the merciful and adorable Saviour today with me, when it is my privilege to have told you what He has done for my soul.

Pray for the Roman Catholics of America and everywhere, that I may be the instrument of the mercies of God toward them; that they may all receive, with you, the unspeakable Gift; may love and glorify the Gift during the few days of our pilgrimage here, and throughout all eternity. Amen.

(The church established by Father Chiniquy, turned from Catholicism, is now First Presbyterian Church, St. Anne, Illinois.)

Biola Film Honored

"TELEO" (It Is Finished) was awarded special motion picture honors by the National Evangelical Film Foundation of Pennsylvania for the category of Best Sermon Film of the Year. The picture features Dr. Jack MacArthur, pastor of the Harry MacArthur Memorial Bible Church of Burbank, California.

Directed by Mr. Virgil Wemmer, head of the film department of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, Inc., the motion picture was made for Missionary Enterprises, Inc., in co-operation with Mr. Paul Goodman.

The Biola Film Department in Gardena offers a complete library of missionary and Bible teaching motion pictures, in addition to Biblical teaching film strips.

ceive a copy of the popular book, *Home: Courtship, Marriage and Children*. Those who send only 40 coupons will receive a copy of the book, *The Soul-Winner's Fire*. Both of these books were written by Dr. John R. Rice. Remember that the coupons which you have are the only record of your correct entries. It will be your responsibility to keep the coupons. In addition, note that coupons may not be exchanged with one another. The winning of a prize is on an individual and not a group basis. Also, duplicate coupons will not count as two separate coupons. When you receive duplicate coupons and prizes, please return them. Please limit all correspondence to only necessary items, and **ALWAYS INCLUDE YOUR COMPLETE ADDRESS**.

Answer to Puzzle No. 14

**BECAUSE YE V
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FORSAKEN UH S
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LORD HE HATH
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FORSAKEN YOU**

Searching the Scriptures

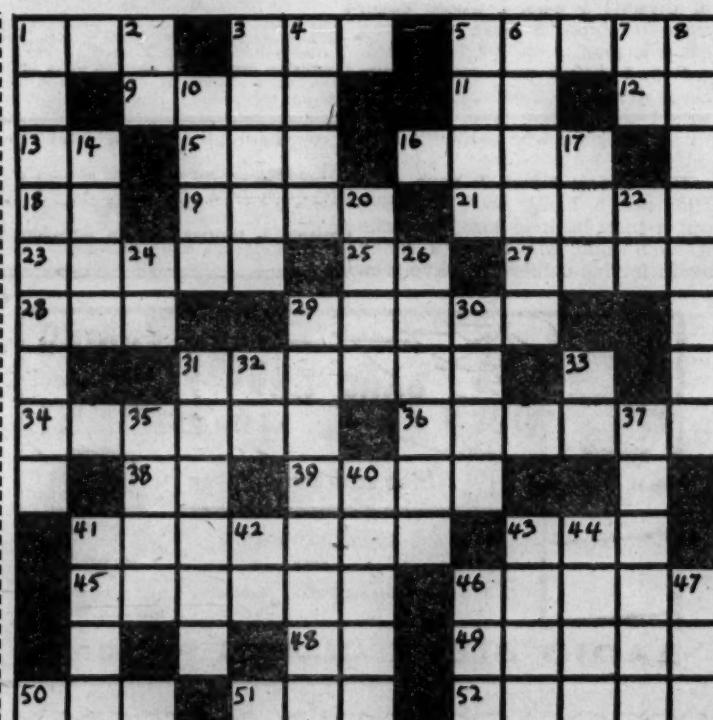
Esther 2**The King Chooses a Bride****Clues Across**

- "he made a release to the provinces, _____ gave gifts"
- "And _____ thing was known to Mordecai"
- 5 days of memorial established when the Jews were saved (Esther 9:28)
- the repetition of a sound
- "we have a building of God, _____ house not made with hands" II Cor. 5
- 12 "_____ good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly" Ps. 84
- 13 "_____, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days" Mark 15
- 15 initials of the following:
father of Isaac (Gen. 21:3)
son of Isaac (Gen. 27:1)
wife of Isaac (Gen. 24:67)
- 16 "But if ye _____ and devour one another, take heed" Gal. 5
- 18 "_____, Esther was taken unto king Ahasuerus"
- 19 "let the maiden which pleaseth the _____ be queen"
- 21, 49 "And the king _____ Esther _____ all the women, and she obtained grace"
- 23 "he will shew you a large _____ room" Mark 14
- 25 first and last letters of man to whose home the ark was taken (I Sam. 7:1)
- 27 "Their _____ is gone out through all the earth" Ps. 19
- 28 a snakelike fish with no scales
- 29 "O that one might _____ for a man with God" Job 16
- 31 "except the king delighted in her, and that she were _____ by name"
- 34 "Woe is me! for I am _____" Isa. 6
- 36 "he remembered _____, and what she had done"
- 38 initials of a prophet and the king to whom he ministered (Isa. 6:1)
- 39 man who came from Hezekiah (Ezra 2:16)
- 41 belonging to man who was Ahasuerus' chamberlain, but conspired against him.
- 43 having the shape of the letter T
- 45 Hadassah
- 46 "Wherefore look ye so _____ to day?" Gen. 40
- 48 initials of daughter-in-law and son of Judah (Gen. 38:6)
- 49 see 21 across
- 50 "Esther obtained favour in the sight of _____ them that looked upon her"

- 51 "Mordecai walked every day before _____ court"
- 52 "to the custody of Hegai, keeper of the _____"

Clues Down

- 1 king who reigned from India to Ethiopia (Esther 1:1)
- 2 initials of two kings of Babylon Dan. 6:1; II Kings 25:27
- 3 "let _____ things for purification be given them"
- 4 "mine _____ is exalted in the Lord" I Sam. 2
- 5 bucket
- 6 too great for counting
- 7 "Mordecai sat _____ the king's gate"
- 8 Esther's uncle
- 10 "make me thereof a little _____ first" I Kings 17
- 14 "Happy is he . . . whose _____ is in the Lord his God" Ps. 146
- 17 one of five princes slain by Israelites (Num. 31:8)
- 20 "They gave him vinegar to drink mingled with _____" Matt. 27
- 22 a printer's measure
- 24 initials of two mountains (Deut. 33:2; 3:25)
- 26 "one soul of five hundred, both of the persons, and of the _____" Num. 31
- 29 "And let the maiden which _____ the king be queen instead of Vashti"
- 30 the twelfth month (Esther 3:7)
- 31 "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his _____" Ps. 100
- 32 same as 11 across
- 33 "_____, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity" Isa. 1
- 35 modern word for "dieth"
- 37 "after that she had been _____ months, according to the manner"
- 40 number of times each day that Daniel knelt to pray (Dan. 6:10)
- 41 "_____, them how great things the Lord hath done for thee" Mark 5
- 42 initials of father and mother of Samuel (I Sam. 1:19, 20)
- 43 first four letters of name of mountain (Judg. 4:14)
- 44 another name for Esau (Gen. 25:30)
- 46 "he _____ that there was evil determined against him" Esther 7
- 47 Japanese money

Deadline: May 2, 1960**Puzzle No. 17**Mail to: Puzzle Editor, SWORD OF THE LORD, Wheaton, Illinois
PRINT CLEARLY

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Cut along dotted lines)

THE RULES

1. Fill in the empty blanks according to the clues given. **Answers must be complete and correct.**

2. PRINT (not write) your name and address in the blank below the puzzle. (Please include country in foreign addresses.) This coupon will serve as your address label for the envelope containing your prize. Mail to: PUZZLE EDITOR, THE SWORD OF THE LORD, Wheaton, Illinois. If you do not wish to cut up your copy of the paper, you may print on a separate sheet of paper your name and address and the answers according to the clue numbers given. If you print your answers on a separate sheet of paper, please put them in the same form as the puzzle rather than in columns. This makes them much easier to check and also reduces the possibility of mistakes. Entries will not be returned.

3. In order for you to receive this week's prize, *Saved for Certain*, your entry must be postmarked by midnight, May 2, 1960. If your paper arrives after the deadline date, please place the date of arrival on your puzzle entry. The answer to Puzzle Number 17 will appear in the May 13 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

4. Each person having a correct entry will receive a coupon along with the weekly prize. **Save these coupons!** They are important! At the end of the year (1960) those who send us 48 coupons will re-

Like Our Puzzles? We Spent Over \$15,000 on Them in '59

By Evangelist Bob Sumner

No, you did not misread the above headline and it is definitely not a printer's error. THE SWORD OF THE LORD actually spent the fabulous total of \$15,030.18 on our Christian crossword puzzle department during the past year. Not all of this was loss, thank the Lord, because readers who enclosed dimes with their returns sent us a total of \$5,300.22 in the same twelve months. Even the poorest mathematician, however, can quickly see that the department lost \$9,729.96 during that period.

What should we do?

We could close down the department and discontinue the puzzles. However, we are most reluctant to do that since it is such a worthwhile missionary project. During 1959, just in this one department of our work, we were able to give away free about \$15,000 or \$20,000 worth of books, booklets and Bibles. Some went to help Christians in their spiritual lives and some went to the unconverted. Only eternity will fully reveal the good this department is doing. To stop it seems out of the question and will remain in our minds only as "a last resort" proposition.

The simplest solution seems to be in enlisting the help and support of our friends who believe in what we are trying to do. Nearly everyone, although admittedly not all, who sends in a puzzle return could enclose a contribution of at least ten cents, if he would. Some, no doubt, could send sizable donations. Why not pray about the matter and see if God would have you help in this vital matter? Then, "whatsoever he saith unto you, do it" (John 2:5)!

A Surety

William Jennings Bryan describes securing a few grains of wheat when in Cairo that had slumbered thirty centuries in an Egyptian tomb. Upon thinking of the unbroken chain of life of the grain we sow and harvest today, he wrote, "If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a new body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled to dust."

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The Double Curse on Booze

(Continued from page 9)

fied, but ye are justified." I thank God He saves many a drunkard. I have seen hundreds of them saved.

In Dallas when I was pastor, where we had so many thousands come to Christ, I probably baptized at least one hundred drunkards in our church of seventeen hundred members. Some of the best men in the church were once drunkards. One was Sergeant Simmons of the Dallas police force, but God wonderfully saved him.

Yes, God can save a drunkard. But the trouble is that a man will let this enslave him and turn him away from God, away from the church. Liquor takes him away from the Bible, away from preachers, away from the place of prayer. Liquor takes him away from revival campaigns. If you love it, if the glamour of drink or the slave of drink keeps you away from Jesus Christ, then it will damn your soul.

Oh, repent of your drink, repent of your sins and let Jesus Christ change you! You had better not doubt about this. It is clear, clear that the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God. I don't want you to go to Hell, but my friend, I warn you now, that is where drunkards go.

I was at the University of Chicago doing graduate work. Already I was a college teacher. One night I went down to the Pacific Garden Mission where Mel Trotter; where Billy Sunday, where Harry Monroe, and where many another old drunken bum had been saved—went to do personal work and to sing.

That night when the invitation was given, an old drunk was convicted. He smelled bad, his clothes were filthy, his beard grown, his hair matted, his face dirty—just a drunken bum. But I went and put my arms around him and told him that God loved him. I told him that God would save him if he would trust Jesus Christ. He went with me to kneel down, then he just fell flat on the floor at the front of old P. G. Mission. I never heard a sinner pray as he did. "God, You are my last chance. My wife has left me, I have been kicked out of my job. My children are ashamed of me. They don't want a drunk for a dad. I am going to Hell with nobody to love me, nobody to care, nobody to help me. I am ruined and going to Hell, Jesus, if You don't save me. You are my last chance."

God did save him. He put a song in his heart, sobered him up and made a good, decent man out of him. When I got off my knees from beside that drunken man, now praising God, now praising Him for forgiveness, I never wanted to go back to that college classroom, never wanted to teach any more. I thought: This is the business for me—keeping drunkards out of Hell and putting husbands back in homes and making wives' hearts happy again, giving children back a father, giving industry back good workmen, giving a nation back good citizens, giving God a life out of an old drunken bum. That is better than anything else in the world. I had to preach.

Oh, I have love in my heart for those who have gone into sin. Love causes one to put his arms around a drunkard and talk and pray with him. But if you go on in drink, your heart will become hardened, you will get discouraged, and, worst of all, you will come to the place where you cannot leave it alone. You will be defeated, whipped, enslaved, enamored. You will think it is too late for you; so you will go on in the way of the drunkard. Oh, the slavery of drink that takes a man away from God, away from his wife, away from decency, away from self-control, away from happiness into misery and eternal ruin. You see, drunkard, you will go to Hell if you don't repent. But remember this: Christ has an answer for the drunkard. In Isaiah 1:18 the Scripture says, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Bless God for that! Your sins, though they be red as crimson, may be as white as snow.

II. God's Curse on All Who Serve And Promote Drink

Now I come to the second curse—on those who give their neighbor drink. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink" (Hab. 2:15). Every bartender is under a curse. Every man who owns a saloon, a beer parlor, a winery; every man who has a distillery is under a curse. If you don't believe it, watch the children of the brewers, watch the children of the distillers, watch the children of saloonkeepers and see how they turn out. The Bible says there is a curse on anybody who opens a saloon, on everyone who runs a tavern. There is a curse on everybody who sells it. God says that.

Great revivals such as D. L. Moody had, and Billy Sunday and Charles G. Finney, resulted in the conversion of many saloonkeepers. They are committing a terrible sin and ought to be told about their sin. And we ought to pray that God will convict them. Thank God for all the people who have pled guilty to this crime, who felt the weight of this curse upon them and fled from such a wicked, ungodly business! Everybody who sells liquor—whether it be beer, wine or whisky—is under the curse of making drunkards, paupers and harlots.

The Seller Is Guilty of All the Harm Liquor Does

Then remember again that God here says there is a curse on those who give drink to their neighbor. That means the man who rents the building, too. If you have a building and rent it out and beer is sold there, you are no better than the saloonkeeper. You are a partaker of all the crimes that ever come from booze. If one drinks beer, goes out on the highway and runs his car into a moving train, or runs head-on into a telephone pole, or has a head-on collision, or runs over a pedestrian, you did that—the man who rents out his building for a saloon, a honky-tonk, or for a

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

God Almighty is still going to hold you, the lawbreaker, to account.

"But they are good, self-respecting citizens," you contend. No, they are not, not good citizens, not law-abiding citizens. There never was a state, never was a country where liquor was legalized but what they broke the law. If there was a law about minors, that law was broken if men could do it and get by. If there was a law about the percentage of alcohol, men broke it if they could do it and get by. If there was a law about a certain amount of taxation, they avoided it if they could.

I say, one who doesn't care about breaking a woman's heart, doesn't care whether drink causes somebody to seduce a woman and make a harlot out of a poor innocent girl who drank, wouldn't care about breaking the laws of the land.

I knew a man in Fort Worth, Texas, who was head of the liquor dealer's association of Texas. He told me how, before his conversion, he took a black handbag with \$30,000 cash to the Texas State Legislature and how he spent two or three weeks there when a big fight was on to have liquor outlawed in Texas, and how he spent the money to bribe lawmakers, to perjure them, and how he bought their souls and bought their votes the best he could to stop the outlaw of liquor.

I am saying that one who sells liquor is a lawbreaker at heart, a criminal by instinct and by nature. One of my girls could not marry into a family like that. No business partnership is safe with a man like that. I wouldn't trust him in any contract, wouldn't take his word about anything. He is not honest. Anybody who doesn't care about the tears of a broken-hearted woman, nor about little children without clothes in the wintertime; anybody who doesn't care about a man drinking his manhood away until he can't be trusted and loses his job; anybody who doesn't care to bring a man down to poverty, bring a man down to a pauper's grave and a drunkard's Hell—that man is not a good man. The curse of God is on him.

What men will do for drink! The girl who sells her body is a prostitute. She does it for money.

THE BEST THING TO GIVE . . .

to your enemy is forgiveness;
to an opponent, tolerance;
to a friend, your heart;
to your child, a good example;
to a father, deference;
to your mother, conduct that will
make her proud of you;
to yourself, respect;
to all men, charity.

—Lord Balfour

restaurant where beer or wine is sold, or a state liquor store.

The curse, the damnation of God, is on every man who ever sells liquor at all. You may make lots of money now, but it is blood money! Blood money made up of widow's tears, money made up of the bloom of manhood pawned from the cheeks of honest boys who have been led to depravity. It is made up of the purity of girls sold at auction for lewd and lecherous men who like to lead women wrong with liquor. It is blood money, guilt money. The curse of God is on it, and God will bring you to judgment for it, as He will every man who sells liquor, every man who ever makes any profit out of it.

You say, "Brother Rice, it is a legitimate way to make a living." That depends on what you mean. If you think it is legitimate to make drunkards and paupers and harlots. Nobody has to make a living at that price. A man who sells out his country does it for money. The people in the State Department who sold out to Russia, sold our secrets of our defenses to Russia, the atomic bomb secrets, did it for money. And you say you have to have money! I guess you too would betray your country for money. A man who would sell liquor would commit other crimes, because he has no conscience, cares nothing about morality, nor right.

Booze Sellers Are Criminal at Heart

"But it is within the law," you say. It may be within the law of man, but not in the law of God.

But any harlot is as decent as any beer dealer. Any harlot is as good as a man who sells beer in his restaurant. Any harlot is as good as any grocer who sells beer over his counter. A traitor to his country who does it for money has the same kind of motives as you have. You sin to make profit out of the heartbreak and ruin and misery of humankind. God knows you are not fit to live on this earth.

T. DeWitt Talmage well said: God knows better than you the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list; but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, Bourbon, Cognac; God calls it strong drink. Whether you sell it in a low oyster cellar or behind the polished counter of first-class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them"; and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it"; and rattle their chain and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will smite you; and with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and shillings they will push you off great precipices while, rolling up from the crags of death, will thunder: "Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink."

God's Curse on the Hostess Who Serves Alcoholic Drink, Too

Not only is this true about the seller; it is also true about the server.

Perhaps you have cocktails at your house, or beer in the refrigerator, or eggnog at Christmas. Or now and then you have a soothing toddy. Or perhaps it is wine at your formal dinners because you think it is popular, fashionable. Remember, the curse of God is on it. True enough, the red wine is beautiful in the tall stemmed glass; the cut glass looks so beautiful on the white napery, the damask of the table—but remember, God says there is a curse on it. Wait! The wine is the color of blood, and that ought to remind you that its end is death. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

Sometimes it is a casual social glass which makes a drunkard.

Sometimes a so-called innocent social glass at a formal dinner, or a glass of beer with "the boys," or an eggnog at Christmas, starts to life a demon that leads later to a man's eternal ruin. Don't do it! There is a curse in that glass. God hates it! Do not serve it in your house. Better to have a rattlesnake or a poisonous adder. These would be labelled "poison." Better have the hooded cobra, or the bushmaster about than wine or liquor. The curse of God is on alcoholic drink and you are guilty of poisoning people when you serve it.

You are turning loose the demon in man, turning loose the lust of the carnal nature. You are turning man over to the kind of sin that leads to every other kind of sin. No wonder Shakespeare said:

What fools men are
To put this demon in their mouths
To steal their brains away.

I say right now, a broken home, broken health, a broken heart, a damned soul is what people reap when they sell beer, or serve beer and wine and whisky.

Christians Ought Never Eat Where Beer Is Sold

That isn't all. A lot of you people here don't believe in the liquor business, yet you will eat in a restaurant where it is served, or trade at a store where it is sold. It doesn't bother you—you don't drink the beer. So you don't mind making the guy rich who is damning souls. You are glad to put your approval on the dirty bar business. Because you can save two cents on a can of coffee, some of you go down here and trade at a chain store where liquor is sold. It is just as bad as a saloon because it does business under the guise of respectability.

You say that it is not always convenient to go elsewhere. Not convenient!

I was in Toronto several years ago when the Sword of the Lord put on a great conference on revival and soul winning at Massey Hall. With me were Dr. Bob Jones, Hyman Appelman, Jesse Hendley and other speakers.

One day a good man came and said, "Brother Rice, I want you and Dr. Jones to go with me to dinner."

I thanked him and told him that was kind, but I wanted it understood ahead of time that I never ate where liquor was sold.

"But Brother Rice, in this town you can't get a good meal without going where they sell beer or whisky."

"I didn't say I wanted a good meal. I said I didn't eat where it was sold."

He insisted, "But Brother Rice, it is not convenient. The best places I know of do serve liquor."

"Maybe that is true," I said, "but the best place in town to me is where a decent man can go without compromising his convictions or putting his money and influence back of the liquor business."

After this good brother kept insisting I said firmly, "Will you please drop me off at the Ford Hotel? I would rather eat cheese and crackers in my room than eat in a place where it is sold and sell my soul for somebody's convenience."

"Well, if you insist, I can take you both to the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria. It is not expensive."

We went there and had a meal among some good Christian people. Nobody had the breath of beer

around; nobody could ever say that the profit on my dinner encouraged the dirty business of damning souls.

You say, "I go in a drug store where beer is served and get me a malted milk and sandwich, but I do not buy the beer." But your money is backing up everybody who loves the dirty business. Your presence in there says to your children, "It doesn't matter." You are saying, "The saloon or tavern is all right for decent people." But that is a lie. You—a lot of you church people—are putting your influence back of the people who are breaking down morals, who are turning our girls into harlots, and making our boys into prostitutes and drunkards. You are putting your money into the kind of thing, and your friendship and your good name behind the kind of thing that has the curse of God upon it. A Christian surely ought to be able to eat somewhere besides in a saloon.

I remind you again that the curse of God is on anybody who gives his neighbor drink, or helps other people give their neighbor drink, or puts his influence behind people who give their neighbor drink.

Voters Who License Beer, Wine and Liquor, Accursed

Not only is the curse of God on the seller and the server, but it is also on the voter. Somebody says, "Well, Brother Rice, I don't think you ought to get into politics." Now don't fret yourself. I probably know better what I ought to do than you.

Somebody else says, "I wouldn't get into politics." But this is still in the Bible. It is still in the Bible that the curse of God is on those who give their neighbor drink. Listen! Anybody who votes in liquor and makes it legal for somebody to advertise it on billboards, advertise it on the radio, advertise it in magazines, advertise it in newspapers, advertise it on streetcar cards; anybody who makes it legitimate to put the stink of it under the nostrils of boys and girls as they pass the tavern door, and have it on the menus where decent people go to eat—anybody who votes to do that is voting for the Devil, for all the murder, all the adultery, all the crime, all the pauperism, all the corruption of government that comes from the dirty booze business! Don't you do it! Don't you ever vote in favor of it.

You say that law won't fix it. Well, law does not fix a lot of things. You have not fixed murder in this country. A lot of people are still being killed in California, and in Illinois, and in New York. But we are not going to repeal the law against murder because somebody now and then commits a murder. You had better bear down and stop it as best you can.

There ought to be a law against selling poison, against inveigling the weak, against overcoming the will of the poor who sometimes do not have the strength they ought to have, and leading people on to be drunkards, paupers, harlots, adulterers, blasphemers and murderers. I say, anybody who does that is guilty before God and is going to pay for it. Do not vote for it!

You thought the New Deal was such a wonderful thing. The Eighteenth Amendment was broken down by a system of propaganda and lie-telling. The United States Government went into the business of making liquor. They went down to the Virgin Islands and spent millions of dollars putting in distilleries.

I passed the window of a liquor store in St. Paul, Minnesota, some years ago. It was piled higher than my head, with layer after layer of bottles of Old Boston Gin. Down in one corner of the labels, in small type, it said, "This gin was made in the Virgin Islands." It was made in distilleries set up by the New Deal Administration, paid for by tax money. The government officially is in the liquor business!

No wonder the curse of God is on Roosevelt's children who cannot live together in peace, with every home of his children broken by divorce. The curse follows them everywhere. I say, there is a curse of God on people who deal in the liquor business. There is a curse of God on the New Deal. No wonder it turned toward socialism, to

(Continued on page 12)

The Double Curse on Booze

(Continued from page 11)

ward communism, toward atheism. When it started out to bring the liquor business back, it was against God and morality. The curse of God is on people who give their neighbor drink.

The curse of God is on the city that takes a rake-off in this ruin of people. The curse of God is on the state that takes a rake-off and makes people pay money to be in the business of making drunkards, paupers and harlots. I say, the curse of Almighty God is on all who have a part in it. You want to remember it.

Christians Could Outlaw Liquor If They Cared

You Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians and Lutherans, you church members could have run liquor out of this town before now if you had especially cared.

We wonder why we don't have revival. You church people have sold out. You have no convictions, no conscience, no character. No wonder God can't bless you. If you ever stood up for God and right in this matter, then God could hear you when you pray.

It is too bad when it is left to one or two women in the church, a little handful of women in the W. C. T. U.—God bless your white ribbon; I have worn a white ribbon. A lot of you others—should take a stand along with the little handful of women.

Some preacher may say, "Brother Rice, because you are an evangelist, you can preach that way." Is that so? When I was a pastor I preached this way, too.

When I was pastor of Galilean Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas, I preached on this subject one Sunday night, and I could do it a good deal more pointedly because I could give local references, and don't you doubt but that I did? I called names, and went down the line. I said, "If I ever find anybody in this church who even rents a building where they have a restaurant or where they have a drug store that ever sells a bottle of beer, out you go from this church. We will vote you out first, then you can talk to us about it and repent and try to get back in later." I wouldn't have as a Sunday School teacher nor even one as a member of my church who sold liquor. I said, "Out you go, bag and baggage."

In that tabernacle in Dallas which seated some 1,400, I said, "If anybody doesn't like that, just let me know about it, and I will preach again on it next Sunday night. I will not be the pastor of a church anywhere under Heaven where they take up for the liquor business. Nobody can be a member of my church who makes a business profit out of the damnation of souls in the dirty liquor business." I talked that way when I was pastor.

Some pastor may say, "I might lose my job." Well, you haven't got much of a job, and the church hasn't much of a pastor, if you have no more convictions than that. We need to take sides for Jesus Christ. Christians, particularly preachers, ought to make an issue of morality.

A Personal Experience of the Curse of Drink

"Why is it you are so against liquor?" someone asks. I am against it because it tells me in the Bible to be against it. But it comes closer home than that. I have seen it ruin lots of people. But it comes closer home than that. Let me tell you about it.

Once I was called back to Dundee, the little cowtown in West Texas where I grew up. A young fellow who had three sons and a beautiful wife, a Christian wife (no Christian ought to marry anybody who is not saved, but this woman did) went out on a weekend trip and took with him some bottles of liquor and some home-brew. Yonder on the river bank he and others with him drank and drank. Then he got sick. Liquor often makes people sick. He drank until he was violently sick. The men who were with him brought him back home and called the doctor at Wichita Falls. Intestinal paralysis had been caused by liquor. They rushed him to the hospital for an operation, but he died on the operating table.

I went back there among that family whom I loved. The next afternoon the funeral was held. That young wife nearly died that afternoon. The doctor had to give her a stimulant to keep her heart beating. She was left a widow, with three little fatherless boys to support. All she had was just a little two-room house. With her husband gone, she had no way to make a living. She loved him, but he drank himself to death while he was still young.

That night friends stayed around, so we looked up some bedding for the kinsfolk and others who stayed all night. The young wife said, "There is a mattress out in the garage." It was the same mattress that had been used on this drunken party on the river, when a bunch of men took a big keg of beer, lots of home-brew and whisky, drank, gambled and played poker by the firelight, and when her husband got drunk to his death.

My brother Joe and I unrolled that old mattress. In it was a pint of government liquor and three or four bottles of home-brew. We took them out under the stars on the prairies of West Texas and by an old mesquite stump my brother and I stood. Taking one bottle at a time, I held it up before me and God and said, "God, there is a curse on it," then broke the first bottle. I took the second bottle and said, "God helping me, I'll fight it; I'll expose it every-

where I go," then I broke that one. After I had broken them all, we stopped and had prayer, then went back to the house.

That widow was my baby sister!

With a holy hate, I hate the dirty liquor business. I am trying to keep people from the heart-break of it.

Jesus Is Ready to Forgive and Save You Now

Now listen to me. Drink leads to ruin, to Hell. But, thank God, there is mercy, if you will turn to Jesus Christ. No matter how far you have gone, God loves you still. There is not anywhere God will not follow you. There is not anywhere He cannot help you. There is not anywhere He cannot clean you up. But Jesus will have to do it. Break with the old crowd. Break with the ways of sin. Get out of the hogpen! Prodigal, come on back to the Father's house! God has mercy and forgiveness for you.

I will tell you what all of us need. What you need if you are a drunkard and what you need if you are not a drunkard is Jesus Christ. You need a new heart, need to be born again.

You say, "I will turn over a new leaf." But the new leaf will soon be as dirty as the old leaf. "But," you say, "I'll make up my mind with all my willpower . . ." Listen, sin takes more than willpower; it takes the grace of God.

You say, "But Brother Rice, I'll change my habits." Even though you may change your habits, you cannot change your heart. Even

if you quit your drinking now—if you do, and I hope you will—but if you quit your drinking now, unless you turn to Jesus and repent of your sins and trust Him, you are still a poor, lost soul going to Hell. Don't you see that the only chance for a sinner is to put his trust in Jesus, depend on Him? Tonight let Jesus come into your heart and save your soul.

We have been talking about liquor; now I am turning to a far more important subject than that. What you need is your poor, black heart made white. Some woman is here who never in your life tasted liquor. Somebody is here who is as clean as she can be. But you have a black heart and if you do not get born again, you will go to Hell.

In Romans 3:22, 23 the Scripture says: "For there is no difference: For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." There is not any difference, God says. All are sinners alike. The drunkard is a sinner; the man who does not drink is a sinner, too!

Harlots are sinners; modest, virtuous women are sinners, too—lost sinners, condemned sinners, Hell-bound sinners if they are unconverted, if they be not born again, saved by personal trust in Christ.

You can't lick sin without Jesus. You cannot trust your own righteousness. Only the blood of Jesus Christ can save. What you need is a new heart, a new nature. You need to let Jesus come into your heart, forgive your sins, and save your soul today.

And He is ready to do it, too. He said, "God so loved the world, that

he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). So I beg you to trust Jesus right now to save you. Turn your heart to Him! Repent of your sin. Depend on Him just now to save your soul, by His great mercy! He will do it!

If you are a poor lost sinner, whether a slave to drink or not, will you honestly say yes to God now, definitely deciding now to trust Him as your own Saviour? If so, will you sign the decision form below right now, then copy it in a letter or write me in your own words that you are today taking Christ as your Saviour, depending on Him alone to save you?

Evangelist John R. Rice,
Box 420
Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Brother Rice:

Realizing that I am a poor lost sinner, I today turn from my sin to trust Christ and take Him as my Saviour forever. I have read "The Double Curse of Booze." I believe He is willing to save me, willing to take me, however sinful I have been. I believe He is able to help me do right, able to keep my soul. Here and now I claim Jesus Christ as my Saviour and give Him my heart. I will honestly try to serve Him the rest of my life.

Signed _____

Address _____



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